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The Week

"OUR part," said President Harding in his sermon over the grave of the Unknown Soldier, "is to atone for the losses of the heroic dead by making a better republic for the living." In this sentence he expressed, of course, the same thought which gave form to the funeral oration of Pericles and to the Gettysburg address of Lincoln. It is the thought which necessarily imposes itself on the living when in a consecrated moment they commemorate the doings and the sacrifice of the dead. The first business of the living is to live and to affirm the value of life even when they are most possessed by the unmitigable tragedy of death. The natural way to affirm the value of life in the presence of the honored dead is to refuse to believe that they died in vain. They must have died in order that the living might the better live. This aspiration to resurrect the sacrifice of the Unknown Soldier and to atone, if possible, for his death by rendering such sacrifices less necessary hereafter clearly possessed the minds of the thousands of hushed people who watched his body

laid to rest. Whatever may come of the aspiration, there is no doubt of the passionate sincerity of its spokesman and of the no less sincere response which his words evoked in the minds of his hearers.

THE behavior of the crowd along the line of march of the funeral procession in choosing ex-President Wilson for applause was a peculiarly appropriate as well as a kind and generous act. It was he who awakened the conscience of the nations to the necessity of vindicating the destruction and the slaughter of the last years of the war by some advance towards international appeasement. A large proportion of the men who listened to President Harding's Arlington sermon, particularly those who occupied positions of the greatest military and political responsibility, were frankly sceptical about the Wilson message at the time it was uttered. They and their like subsequently combined to exclude from the Treaty of Peace those principles of equity and fair play which alone can assuage international animosities and prevent the unknown conscripts of some future generation from being consumed in their turn as cannon-fodder. But they are now in deeds, if not in words, confessing to their error. They admit that the victory, for which so many millions were ordered to lay down their lives, has not produced the promised appeasement. They are now assembled in a more solemn if not in a sufficiently contrite and humble mood, to try again.

MANY months ago when it became clear that the Treaty of Versailles was a failure and would not be signed by the American government, the New Republic drew attention to the necessity of calling a new conference to repair some of the mistakes of Paris. The suggestion was condemned at the time as preposterous—among others by Mr. Herbert Hoover. Yet one new conference designed expressly to repair some of the mistakes and fill

in some of the differences of the first is already assembled. Other conferences will soon follow. Some of them, like the present, will deal chiefly with regional political disorders. Others will deal with the heritage of economic dearth and disorganization which the flame of the war left behind and which the Treaty of Peace only increased. Little by little these conferences will, we hope, as completely repeal the Treaty of Versailles as the revolutions of 1848 and the wars between 1850 and 1870 repealed the Treaty of Vienna. In any event the repeal is necessary. If conferences do not do it, wars and revolutions will.

IN our issue of last week we pointed out that whatever the object of the propaganda for presenting Japan with territories in Manchuria and Siberia, it can not be the provision of an outlet for Japan's surplus population. The problem of increasing population, we argued, will have to be solved in some other way than by emigration. The governor of the Bank of Japan, Mr. J. Inouye, seems to hold a similar view. "As historically proved," the Associated Press quotes him, "it is almost hopeless to think of removing our increasing population to other countries." The way out for Japan, he thinks, "is to find resources in economic activity abroad." So we too believe. The way out is for Japan to win for herself the lion's share of the rapidly increasing trade of eastern Asia. Her geographical position is extremely favorable for that. The immediate problem is how to compass that end: by the seizure of territory or by the cultivation of the goodwill of the people whose business she seeks. The former may appear the shortest road, but it is not likely to prove the most practicable in the long run.

THERE is one interest, and a powerful one, that will not burst its girth strap in helping along Secretary Hughes' naval reduction program. That is the armament interest. In the United States, so far as we can ascertain, it is keeping entirely dumb. And wisely, for a word now might easily produce an explosion of odium that would leave the interest and its beneficiaries mangled and blackened morally for a generation. In England too, according to Mr. Tuohy of the World, the armament interests are for the present stricken dumb. "Their representatives cannot be induced to say a word upon this epoch making announcement, which was evidently far more drastic than anything they had feared." Colonel Repington, in the Times, puts the case more subtly and sympathetically. "But the main anxiety of the British here is the economic effect upon the dockyard towns of

Plymouth, Portsmouth, Devonport, Rosyth and upon Vickers Armstrong, upon Birkenhead, Sheffield and the Clyde. Apart from the effect on these and other great centres of industry the scheme is favorably viewed." We much doubt that many of "the British here" would put the armament profits above the interests of international solvency and peace. The few who happen to be living on such profits naturally are not enthusiastic about peace. To apply Mark Twain's little undertaker joke, "they hate it like heal-th."

M. STEPHANE LAUZANNE, who can fairly be said to represent the average of French opinion, tells how he addressed two Japanese delegates in these words: "Now, don't you expect that in this conference France will back you up. Since two years ago, at all the conferences, we have found you on the other side of the table voting against us automatically with the British . . . Well, we have a treaty of affection with the Americans which is a hundred and forty years old. And you will therefore not be surprised to see us remain faithful to our friends just as you have been faithful to your allies." Words so frank were obviously not spoken for Japanese ears alone. They say, in effect, to Americans: "We have not found in Great Britain the help against Germany that we expected. As Japan backed up Great Britain in her differences with France, so Britain will support Japan against you. Let us stand together on this common ground." While America must be grateful for such an expression of friendship, it is evident and natural that France has other things besides an old friendship in mind. She comes to the Conference preoccupied with this for her all-important question: Where can she find a lasting security from Germany? Implicitly, M. Lauzanne—and many other Frenchmen—are once more inviting America to guarantee France against German aggression.

EVERYONE knows, in a general way, what has happened to foreign exchange. Practically every foreign currency is at a discount, and the trend, ever since the armistice, has been downward, except for brief periods of sporadic and transient recovery. Nor can anyone be ignorant of the relation of this degeneration of exchange to American foreign trade, and ultimately to American domestic prosperity. We are all aware of these things, vaguely; if we were vividly alive to them we should better realize the necessity of immediate international action. And the way to make ourselves vividly alive is to get hold of the facts, put in such a way that we can see them without break-

ing down our imaginative powers with a mountainous load of arithmetical items. The Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives has published (H. R. 8,404) a pamphlet in which the course of each important foreign currency, from November, 1918, to July, 1921, is luminously charted. If every citizen would give it a few moments of study we should have the basis of an informed public opinion on the most pressing business problem of the time.

ONCE more the present administration of New York has arbitrarily withdrawn the right of assembly. A group of citizens had engaged the Town Hall for the evening of November 13th, for the purpose of hearing a distinguished English publicist and others discuss the subject of birth control. Under orders from police headquarters the speakers were not allowed to enter the hall, and when after a considerable time it was opened to them they were forbidden to speak, hustled from the platform, and haled before a police magistrate on the charge of disorderly conduct. Such disorder as occurred was of course excited by the police themselves. Apparently the battle for free speech on birth control, so bravely won by Margaret Sanger, has to be fought over again. The New York papers generally attribute the present interference with civic rights to the Roman Catholic Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes. It is hoped that sponsors for the meeting will take steps to make public the secret influence in response to which the police acted, and further to make their behavior a case of civil suit for false arrest.

OF late years in the United States the relations between organizations of workers in the clothing trades and the manufacturers have constituted one of the most hopeful chapters of industrial progress. Under wise leadership, with the assistance of public opinion, and with some support from enlightened employers, labor has secured a higher standard of living and working conditions and has contributed to the organization and stabilization of the whole industry. The preservation of these results, however, is at the cost of constant vigilance and occasional warfare. To this end 55,000 workers of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in New York walked out on Monday, November 14th.

THE case between the Union and the Manufacturers' Association is this. In June 1919 an agreement was signed between these two bodies covering wages and hours of labor, to run until June,

1922. This agreement was abrogated by the Manufacturers' Association in 1920, but after ten months of discord a joint commission was instituted in June 1921 to study conditions and report on November 1, 1921. Without waiting for this report the Manufacturers' Association on October 25th promulgated new conditions of employment involving the introduction of piece work and an increase of working hours from 44 to 49 per week. Technically the manufacturers are in the wrong. Fundamentally, the issue is clear and simple, with the usual three parties interested, the employer, the workers and the public. The employers declare that the week of 44 hours has reduced production, raised prices and diminished business. The piece work system is in their view necessary to incentive and initiative, "both sacred heritages of Americanism," and it alone "can restore these privileges to the operatives." The workers declare that piece work means the sweating system with inhuman "speeding-up" of men and women, and that they will never voluntarily return to it. The public has to make up its mind whether it will pay higher prices for clothing in order that the workers may enjoy a higher standard of living. Undoubtedly the manufacturers in this industry as in others are counting on the public demand for lower prices to break the resistance of the workers and perhaps to demolish the union itself. Hitherto the workers in the garment trades have won their victories largely by reason of public support. That support should be stronger than ever in view of the indefensible tactics of the manufacturers who are guilty of the unpardonable industrial sin of wishing a strike.

The Atmosphere of Achievement

THE Secretary of State, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, has justified the confidence of his friends and well-wishers by starting the Conference off with a bold and a deep plunge into the waters of disarmament. In order sharply to distinguish the present Conference from its abortive predecessors, he was bound at the very beginning to bring forward a definite proposal which would prove beyond question the good faith of his own government and which would give reality to the subsequent deliberations of the Conference. This he has done emphatically, abundantly, and we hope, triumphantly. He proposes a naval holiday for ten years, and the destruction of sixty-six capital ships, either built, partly built or planned, with a tonnage of 1,878,043. He would retain some fifty

capital ships with a tonnage of approximately 1,400,000, as a comparatively permanent "naval force." Of the tonnage which he would scrap the United States abandons 845,000 tons, the British 583,000 tons and the Japanese 449,000 tons. Thus superficially at least the American government has suggested a program of reduction which is more expensive for itself than for either of its two competitors.

Not being naval experts we cannot pretend to pass upon the technical issues which are raised by this plan of reduction. It looks fair enough to the three major naval powers, but we cannot be sure that it is fair. There may be some force in the contention of the British critics of the plan. In their opinion the proposed method of limitation is more favorable to the United States and Japan than it is to the British Empire. The specific objections, however, with which they have supported this contention up to date do not look formidable. In fastening upon the proposed scale of limitation Mr. Hughes has employed an obvious and for his present purpose a perfectly sound principle. He suggests the reduction of the fleets of the three naval powers to a size which is intended to make them sufficient for defence, but insufficient for an offensive strategy. With the smaller tonnage remaining at their disposal Great Britain, the United States and Japan are supposed to be invulnerable against attack, but too weak themselves to attack anybody else. Mr. Hughes evidently hopes and expects in this way to do away with suspicions and apprehensions which complicate the discussion of the political differences among the three governments.

But the application of this principle does work a much more radical alteration in the traditional position of the British fleet than it does in the position of the Japanese and American fleets. The British fleet is supposed to remain sufficiently strong to dominate the European Atlantic, but the British Empire is scattered all over the world. The British fleet will not be strong enough to protect the British lines of communication with India, Canada, Australia and China. The Empire becomes consequently under this arrangement vulnerable to an extent which Japan and the United States are not. The British fleet ceases to be Mistress of the Seas. In effect it surrenders the Mediterranean to France and Italy, the American waters to the United States, and the Far East to Japan. The security of the British Empire will depend less upon its own naval strength than upon the ability of the British government to keep the peace with France, the United States and Japan. The policing of the chief bodies of water is, un-

der the proposed arrangement, practically divided up among Great Britain, the United States, Japan and the two chief Mediterranean nations; and any one of these other naval powers can cut one or more of the British lines of communication.

All this is true and from the British point of view not at all agreeable. Yet it merely stabilizes a condition which has for many years gradually been coming into existence. The British Empire turned over the Mediterranean to France and Italy and the Far Eastern waters to Japan a long time ago. It is not able and cannot afford to protect all its lines of communication against every possible enemy. Under the proposed plan of reduction the British and American fleets would possess an overwhelming preponderance in the Atlantic and would divide between them the maritime supremacy which Great Britain alone possessed during the 19th century. An understanding with the United States would be the chief condition of the safety of the British Empire, but once such an understanding was reached, it would again become as safe as such an exposed and delicately balanced political structure can be.

If Mr. Hughes' plan is adopted Japan is left wholly secure against an attack from either the United States or Great Britain. She would even be secure against a combination of the British and American fleets. Without a naval base in the Far Eastern waters, in spite of their superiority in tonnage, they could not keep afloat for long in the neighborhood of Japan. On the other hand, Japan could not with the same impunity as she can at present dispatch a fleet and an army to capture Hong Kong or the Philippines. The fleets of the United States and Great Britain together would be four times as large as hers and even in the absence of a naval base they could make it difficult for the Japanese fleet to protect lines of communication with armies which had captured enemy strongholds so remote as Manila or Hong Kong.

The effect of Mr. Hughes' disarmament proposals upon the subsequent political deliberations of the Conference is clear and should be beneficial. It should certainly assuage the Japanese fear of a successful naval expedition into their home waters by the United States or even by the two English speaking countries combined. Japan is rendered safe against military coercion. Even if she refuses to modify her Chinese policy the American government nevertheless proposes to make itself powerless to break down her opposition by force. Any reforms in China will have to take place with Japanese consent and must come from the moral and political isolation which in the event of a re-

fusal the American government may be able to fasten on an unregenerate imperialist Japan.

In any event Mr. Hughes' leadership on the opening day of the Conference has begun by creating an atmosphere in which a great and enduring work of pacific statesmanship can be accomplished. It is an atmosphere of confidence, of good faith, of decisive action, and of hope for the future. Mr. Hughes will doubtless soon follow the announcement of his plan to limit armaments with an equally candid, definite, and drastic proposal to safeguard and emancipate China. This is much the most difficult half of his work—the half in which only a partial success is possible. But he is certainly marching on the road which leads on to the largest practicable measure of achievement. The American public is rightly coming to have more and more confidence in him and to expect of him great things. If only the British will go along, as we think they will, the final result of the Conference may better even the considerable expectations which have already been created.

Armistice Day: Lest We Forget

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH may well be remembered so long as mankind finds instruction in history. It marks one of the most stupendous achievements, and one of the most stupendous failures in human experience. On November Eleventh the work of the soldier was completed and the work of the diplomat was begun. And just as there are no words that can characterize adequately the endurance, the heroism and the devotion of the millions of men who offered their lives and all that life contained in order that victory might be won and mankind freed from the curse of militarism and war, so there are no words that can characterize adequately the fatuousness and greed of the diplomats who gave us, instead of a free and peaceful world, a chaos of disorder and intrigue and bankruptcy from which relief can come only slowly, after endless sufferings, many minor wars and grave risk of another great war to shatter what still remains firm in civilization.

If we wish to measure the achievement of the soldiers, we must estimate in its true proportions the power which they overthrew. It was perhaps necessary, in time of war, to create in the minds of the Allied peoples and of their friends not yet participating in the war, the impression that the enemy, from the outset, was overmatched. The German soldier, we were propagandized into believing, was overtrained, underindividualized, fit only for the mass action which is fatal under mod-

ern conditions of warfare. He was commanded by gray-bearded generals, stiff-mindedly bent on fighting the war in the manner of 1870. Magnificently equipped at the outset, the German army might inflict terrible initial losses upon the neighboring peoples who had counted too confidently on an unbroken peace. But in the end the dash and gallantry of the French, the fatalistic valor of the Russians, the doggedness of the English, the buoyancy of the Italians would shatter and destroy the German military power. We were all led to believe something of the kind in the early years of the war. But now every one knows that this was all romance and propaganda. The German military machine was tremendously efficient and formidable. The utmost of which the European allies were capable was to hold the balance even, denying victory to the Germans, but not winning it for themselves. The breakdown of Germany, so often confidently predicted, had to await the entry into the war of the United States and the development of American military power. If the United States had remained aloof the war would have ended in a draw, and a draw not altogether favorable to the Allies. This is not to countenance the stupid chauvinism of the boast that "we won the war." The scales were tottering in balance; America leapt into one of them and weighed it to the ground. That was her service and her responsibility.

America performed her service well. How did she acquit herself in the matter of her responsibility? Before the war ended, it appeared that she would acquit herself well. For America, through the words of President Wilson, gave definite promise of a settlement after the war under which there was hope that the era of aggressive warfare might be closed. No annexation of unwilling provinces to rankle until new wars should arise to recover them and create new wrongs. No punitive indemnities, enslaving whole generations and involving the menace to peace of an indefinite military occupation. A peace of justice, and the cooperation of victor and vanquished to build a new world.

Such was the peace America contemplated. Her associates had contemplated a very different one, to be sure. What the Allied powers contemplated has been known to all the world, ever since the publication of the Secret Treaties. Why should it ever have been assumed that America's openly announced peace plans should be any more binding than the secret aims of her associates in the war? Why should anyone have expected anything better than a settlement written in the spirit of the Secret Treaties, modified in certain details, perhaps, by

American ideals—such a settlement, in fact, as was actually reached at Versailles?

Everyone had a right to expect a settlement in which the American formulation prevailed simply because of the circumstances of the armistice. Germany had been beaten, but not crushed. Her armies were in retreat, but not fleeing in a disorderly rout. She had been deprived of every hope of ultimate victory, but she could still fight for one year, perhaps two, what would amount to a colossal rearguard action. If she had chosen to fight to the bitter end, it would have cost America and her Allies hundreds of thousands of lives, tens of billions of money. These lives and this money were what Germany had to offer in return for terms that were not those of unconditional surrender.

The terms Germany asked were those of the American peace formula. And those terms, with specifically stated reservations, were granted, not by America alone, but by her associates in the war. They were granted after full consideration by the Allied military leaders of the losses Germany could inflict if the terms were denied. There was no sentimental bestowing of concessions without consideration. The transaction was in the nature of a contract, binding if any contract between nations is binding. The Germans, as the beaten party, were forced to lay down their arms and make themselves defenceless. That was the preliminary delivery that sanctioned the contract.

It was not even required of the diplomats, then, that they should devise a good peace to crown the victory won by the soldiers. The terms of the peace were fixed in the contract; it remained for the diplomats to execute it. And what did they do about it? They bent all their energies to finding means to welch on the contract while keeping the pretence of living up to it. No annexations except according to the principle of nationality. The quality of the diplomats' performance is sufficiently attested in the Austrian Tyrol, Valona, Thrace, the Banat, German Bohemia, Silesia, the Saar Valley, and the Rhine Provinces, to be occupied until a treaty the terms of which cannot be fulfilled has been fulfilled. No punitive indemnities; only reparation for injuries to the civil inhabitants of the Allied states and their property. But observe the fact that Germany was forced to sign a promise, which she could never fulfill, to pay thirty-two billion dollars in gold—at least twice, probably three times the sum necessary to pay the damages contemplated in the armistice agreement.

It has been said of earlier peace settlements that what the soldiers won with their swords the diplomats lost with their pens. It could never have been said more truly than of the settlement of Ver-

sailles. The soldiers fought a war to end war. The diplomats sowed the seed of new wars far and wide. The soldiers fought to establish the sanctity of international agreements. The diplomats welched on the first binding agreement that came under their hands. The soldiers fought to make possible a world in which the common man might pursue in peace his own happiness and prosperity. The diplomats prepared for him a world in which all the essential conditions of his existence are more uncertain than ever before.

It would have taken the world many years to recover from the war. It will take longer to recover from the peace. But nevertheless, the world does recover, in the end. Even now there are signs of recovery, in the universal discredit into which the Peace of Versailles has fallen, in the universal demand for a newer, more open diplomacy. Under the eyes of the millions, not in a little conclave of secretive diplomats, the problems of the Pacific are being unfolded. The time may not be far distant when the problems of Europe will be subjected to a similar public scrutiny. And America cannot hold aloof. For America helped win the war and shared largely in the glory of victory; she helped make the peace, and shared in its dishonor. That is not pleasant to think of, at a time when we celebrate the national military achievement. But it is something we cannot afford to forget. For the wrong to which we were a party still stands, darkening the lives of millions of men, not in the former enemy countries alone, but to the utmost reaches of the economic and social influences set in motion by the chronic disorder and depression at the heart of Europe.

Hylan: A Symbol

MANY overflowing brooks combine to make a flooding river. Many explanations are called upon to account for the huge majority vote cast for Mayor Hylan. It was disgust with Governor Miller's autocratic and anti-social policies, some people say. It was a reaction against a too flushed Republicanism, in state and nation, others say. It was general apathy, the superior organization of Tammany, the influence of Hearst. No doubt each of these forces contributed to the Hylan flood. But let us glance at the nature of the flood.

Where did the intelligentsia of the city stand? For Curran. Look at the newspapers: only the Hearst papers for Hylan, all the rest, with one neutral exception, for Curran. Where stood the "enlightened citizens," respectable men of property, believers in efficient administration, economy and

low taxes? For Curran. Property, respectability, education, the qualities of the class that holds the upper place in the social scale, were for Curran. Not without exceptions, of course, but as everyone would admit, prevailingly.

Where did the workingman stand? Where stood the great mass of clerks and small shopkeepers, Mr. Average Man of the column moralist? For Hylan. If we could group the electorate in two classes, those who pay income surtaxes and those who do not, we should probably find that most of those who do pay them were for Curran, those who do not, for Hylan.

By accident, not by design, we staged in New York an election by social economic classes. And the upper class got snowed under. Deep under. The beaten party would refuse to acknowledge that such was the nature of the contest. But the victorious party is in no doubt about it. Anyone who caught the spirit of the crowds on election night knows how the victors interpreted the event. A great popular victory had been won. The higher-ups had been smashed, and in some vague way, the Interests had been dealt a stunning blow.

Of course it is absurd that the social economic line should have been drawn at all. Class interests were not at stake; in so far as the administration of public affairs affects the common citizen, he would no doubt have fared better under Curran than under Hylan. The Interests need be no more anxious under Hylan than they would have been under Curran. But there are times when what seems is just as instructive as what really is. There seemed to be a class cleavage in political objectives, and the consequence was that the class which usually counts politically for more than its numbers warrant went down in defeat.

Is this a sign of the times? There are in America millions of men and women potentially in the state of mind of those who rolled up so stupendous a majority for Hylan. Uneasy about their jobs or small businesses, preyed upon by profiteers, trodden upon by the big men in business and politics, they are developing a mood that is not at all quiescent. They are pretty nearly homeless, politically, as matters stand. But suppose some really talented demagogue, with a really seductive platform turned up. Is there anything that might not happen?

Class cleavage in politics is a dangerous thing, according to traditional American political philosophy. Then we had better see what can be done to abate the forces making for class cleavage. For if the cleavage is there it will manifest itself in politics, intelligently or not, as it befell in New York.

Ulster the Last Obstacle

THE Irish question is on the verge of settlement. Nothing has yet been printed even to outline the provisional agreement between Sinn Fein and Britain, but by a remarkable process of tolerance and accommodation, creditable to both sides, enough has been made secure in the way of understanding to enable Britain to tackle by itself the last obstacle, N. E. Ulster.

A great deal of palaver is possible about Ulster, and no one has indulged in this palaver more freely than Lloyd George himself. His tone about N. E. Ulster has at times been so partisan that people have gone around saying that Carson had L. G. in his pocket, "had the goods on L. G.," and so on. But when it comes down to cases, as in this crisis, the real place of N. E. Ulster on the map of humanity is likely to be defined. Everyone knows, including Lloyd George, that when he delivered, and the Ulster Unionists received, the Northern parliament, the title to that political transfer could not possibly be guaranteed. The Ulster Unionists are now ready to swear by all the Gods in the Olympus of Belfast that their Northern parliament reposes on the solid foundations of the British constitution, and that if Lloyd George lays impious hands on their young parliament he is a traitor and scoundrel. But this is talk.

The fact that cannot be talked away is this: the Northern parliament was instituted without the consultation of the population involved. The parliament may nominally repose upon the constitution, it does not repose upon the consent of the governed. The territory assigned by Lloyd George to the Ulster Unionists is fringed by communities that were included against their majority will. Over one quarter of the parliamentary representatives absolutely refuse to accept a place in its councils; none of these is now present in the Ulster delegation, although several are on the Sinn Fein delegation; and one group of citizens after another has protested its unwillingness to be held in this "unit" of the six north-east counties. The six counties, if one accepts the principle of the consent of the governed, do not make a natural, like-minded, homogeneous zone. By transferring them to the Northern parliament Lloyd George traded a horse, so to speak, which he didn't own. And now, after the fashion of such transactions, he is compelled to unravel and undo his act in the teeth of those who knowingly received his unproved goods.

It is mere justice that Britain and not Sinn Fein should now be seeking an arrangement with N. E.

Ulster. Those who are dazzled by the legerdemain of Lloyd George behold in this new negotiation only another proof that the British premier is the greatest manipulator in history. A cooler but clearer view is possible. Lloyd George is undoubtedly showing great pliability, now that the institution of his two parliaments served only to prove that 97% of Southern Ireland was Sinn Fein and that the six counties were not a unit. But his pliability, his nimbleness, would not have been so greatly needed if he had not attempted an unreal and unscrupulous adjustment in the first place, supported by the military and the Black and Tans. The disgraceful procedure of recent months cannot so soon be forgotten. It was the fierce resolution of Sinn Fein Ireland, making an impress on British conscience, that has brought about the present negotiation. Had Sinn Fein collapsed, or had Britain really rallied to Lloyd George's dastardly Carnarvon speech, there would be no settlement in sight today. The two main facts at present are, first, Lloyd George's willingness to do business with the so-called "murder gang" and second, his need to undo the Ulster settlement. These facts indicate a remarkable power of political adjustment on the part of British politicians, an astounding capacity for yielding to, and dealing with, realities. They also indicate, however, the extent to which British politicians defied plain facts and fundamental principles in the Irish struggle, and the risk they willingly ran of subordinating right to might. Might has failed to crush Sinn Fein; but the credit for that failure belongs primarily not to the British politicians who employed the Black and Tans but to the Sinn Fein Irish who resisted them.

Shall N. E. Ulster be dosed with Black and Tans in turn? This cannot be. But the principle of the consent of the governed must be honestly applied to the six north-east counties. The Ulster Unionists will seek every way out, rather than the way of a plebiscite. They will ask for a nominated aristocratic senate, for a separate Dominion, for special safeguards in view of prospective tyranny.

But a plebiscite is indicated, to get rid of the last obstacle. For N. E. Ulster is not merely an obstacle to Irish peace and Irish-British agreement. It is the most formidable possible obstacle to Anglo-American understanding on any plane of democratic principle. It is the one flaming exception to white democracy in the English-speaking world. The problem of white imperialisms remains within the British Empire, and may even be intensified for America unless the question of an

Anglo-American agreement is handled with caution and insight. But there cannot be any full agreement on anything until N. E. Ulster ceases to block the way. This, fortunately, Britain appears to realize completely. And the prospect of Irish unity and Irish goodwill is all the greater in proportion as the prospect of a plebiscite reveals N. E. Ulster, which is Belfast, as biting off its own nose to spite Ireland's face.

Coal to the Fore

IN the issue of November 9th the New Republic called attention to the elements of conflict stirring in the coal industry, which are bound to reach a violent head unless counteracted by understanding, on the part of the administration as well as the public, of the underlying problems of the industry. "Der Tag" for this new industrial war is April 1, 1922, when the joint agreements between operators and the United Mine Workers terminate. If peace is to be assured, the few months remaining before the negotiation over the renewal of these agreements must, we urged, be utilized for public ventilation of the basic difficulties—irregularity and insecurity of employment, exploitation, waste in production and distribution. But even this breathing spell for orderly investigation, discussion and solution may be denied us if Judge A. B. Anderson has his way. For the moment, the calmer action of the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit has stayed the exuberance of the Indianapolis judge. But new fears, distrust and bitterness have been roused. Instead of counsels of reason, the feelings of war have been stimulated. And so we are heading for another terrible coal struggle next spring even more surely than before Judge Anderson entered the scene, unless his precipitate action renders the unintended service of awakening the public to its danger and its duty.

For all the problems presented by the coal industry are involved in Judge Anderson's injunction once its scope is fully grasped. Current comment has restricted itself to the check-off provision—the practice, sanctioned by the joint agreements, of collecting miners' dues from the payrolls. Judge Anderson did not decide that the check-off was inherently illegal. No such issue was before him. The injunction was sought on a violation of the Sherman Law, charging a combination in restraint of interstate trade by seeking to unionize the unorganized West Virginia fields and thereby destroying the competition of these coal fields. In

other words, the West Virginia non-union operators claimed, and were sustained in their claim, that their non-union labor conditions are competitive advantages of which they cannot be deprived and in which they can be secured by enjoining all efforts at unionization. This is the heart of Judge Anderson's decision. And inasmuch as the efforts for unionization are sustained by funds of the miners' organization, the entire collection of these funds by the usual process was enjoined. The check-off is merely the means for attaining the objective of unionization; and unionizing, Judge Anderson holds, is offensive under the Sherman Law as a combination in restraint of trade. Let there be no mistake: Judge Anderson did not limit himself to enjoying illegal methods by which unionizing was to be pursued, nor to enjoining expenditures of money for such illegal methods. He struck down the whole effort at unionizing and destroyed the long-established system by which the union exists. All this in the name of the Sherman Law.

But it is of the essence of a violation of the Sherman Law that an *unreasonable* restraint of trade be established. And the finding of reasonableness or unreasonableness must be based upon full consideration of the facts of a particular case. Thus, only after a comprehensive scrutiny of the facts, the Supreme Court found that the Steel Trust was not a combination in unreasonable restraint of trade. Endless volumes of testimony, covering the entire steel industry, heavy briefs and two arguments, followed by months of deliberation by the Supreme Court, were necessary to establish and interpret the relevant facts which were the basis of the Steel decision. Yet on ex parte evidence and after hurried argument Judge Anderson passes judgment upon the coal industry, and more particularly the relation of the union to the industry, as confidently as he might light his after-dinner cigar.

In effect, Judge Anderson rules that to "unionize" the unorganized fields would unreasonably hamper their competitive position. Only anointed ignorance could permit itself such a judgment. The slightest study of the history of the coal industry shows that the competition between West Virginia and other fields involves complicated geologic, economic and traffic factors, the influence of concentration of financial control, the determination of absentee owners "thoroughly to control and direct the exploitation of natural resources." (Suffern's Conciliation and Arbitration in Coal Industry, p. 107.) Inquiry would reveal the unfair competitive advantage secured by West Virginia through exploiting labor, and the standing

menace of these unorganized fields to the system of arbitration and conciliation in other fields. From several official investigations, both Congressional and state, Judge Anderson might have learned that the stabilizing efforts of the union have been resisted by coercion and organized thuggery. A less hasty and dogmatic judge might have found some reason for pause in passages in the report of Governor Glasscock's Commission for 1912, which describes the system of mine guards as "vicious, strife-prompting and un-American." The Senate of the United State is even now investigating the causes underlying the West Virginia problem, but apparently Judge Anderson's feelings supply him with ample information.

We have not mentioned the Clayton Act out of deference to the dead. If Judge Anderson is sustained, that Act will mean that a union is "lawful" only in a Pickwickian sense. Labor can be a "union" but it cannot "unionize"!

However unfounded on the facts of industrial life Judge Anderson's opinion may be it is but another straw showing which way the wind is blowing. For, after all, the latest Anderson injunction is a natural offspring of the Hitchman and the Duplex Cases. And Santa Claus may have more gifts in store for labor. The Coronado and Tri-City Cases, now before the Supreme Court, may further restrict the legal position of unions. These warnings had better be heeded. Labor's legal battles must continue to be fought. But that cannot be all. Despite all the drain upon its energies in the mere struggle for existence organized labor must equip itself with a constructive program. Only thus will it escape from being enmeshed by "law." Only then will it enlist a wider public support. The coal industry offers a special challenge to the statesmanship of labor.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

The Canadian Elections

THE general election which is to be held in Canada on December 6th has a significance for the people of the United States beyond the normal interest in the affairs of one's nearest neighbor. It is not merely that one party seeks to make the recent tariff policy of the United States an issue in the Dominion contest. Of more general importance is the shift in the basis of party organization, and particularly the rise of the farmers' movement, which is distinctly more advanced in Canada, in both the economic and the political sphere, than it is south of the boundary line.

Four distinct parties have entered the lists. The party in power, officially termed National Liberal and Conservative, is the old Conservative party, plus a few Liberals who joined it on the reciprocity or the conscription issue, and minus many farmers who have left it on the tariff issue. Traditionally the party of restricted franchise, high tariff and closer imperial relations, it suffered a long eclipse after the death of Sir John Macdonald in 1891. In 1911, under Sir Robert Borden, it regained power by attacking the Taft-Fielding reciprocity agreement as dangerous to economic independence, national unity and imperial connection. In office when the war broke out, the Borden administration directed Canada's effort with a very considerable measure of boldness and efficiency, but by the end of 1916 personal dissensions, charges of graft and discontent against profiteering had lost it popular favor.

Then the military necessity of providing stronger reinforcements than voluntary recruiting could insure, or the political expediency of ranging English-speaking Canada against Quebec on the charge of slacking in the war, led the government to introduce conscription. The proposal split the Liberals; a War-Time Election act, taking the franchise away from all citizens born in the enemy countries and naturalized since 1902 and giving it to women relatives of overseas men, further armed the government. A group of Liberal leaders joined Borden, in a coalition or Union government. The Military Service act utterly failed to provide the expected increase of men, but it did win the elections. The Unionist coalition began office vigorously, but after 1918 its persistence in retaining in peace the power given for war purposes, internal rivalries, and favors to big interests, notably in the attempt to maintain high sugar prices, along

with the general post-war unrest, soon made it the most unpopular government in Canadian annals. In 1920, Sir Robert Borden resigned, and was succeeded by Arthur Meighen.

The Liberals, traditionally the party of wider franchise, lower tariffs and insistence on Canadian self-government, held unbroken power through the period of Canada's greatest development, from 1896 to 1911. Defeat in 1911, division in 1917, the death in 1919 of their incomparable leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the inroads of the farmer movement, played havoc with their following. In the 1917-1921 parliament, they held sixty-two out of sixty-five seats from Quebec and nearly half the seats in the three Atlantic provinces, but from Ontario they had only a handful, and from all the West only two members. A national convention in 1919, which drew up a new platform and chose William Lyon Mackenzie King as leader, put new heart into the party. Of late, the return to the fold of most of the Liberals who had supported Union, and the mistakes of the government, have materially strengthened its position.

The National Progressive or Farmers' party is the new and disturbing factor. Previous agrarian movements in Canada, Grangers and Patrons, were largely echoes of United States developments, and had little abiding influence. The present movement is home-grown and firmly based on an economic foundation. The farmers of the western prairie provinces, who led the way, have built up strong cooperative marketing companies, the United Grain Growers and the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company, which are transforming western agriculture not merely by the financial success of their operations in selling grain and livestock and purchasing supplies, but by developing a new business capacity, a new solidarity, a new sense of the dignity of farming. From the west, the cooperative movement, always on a province-wide, not a merely local basis, spread to the east. Since the war, the organized farmers have entered politics. Their general purpose was to lessen the power wielded by the Canadian triumvirate, the manufacturers, the railroads and the banks. More specific motives were, in the west, resentment against the rejection of reciprocity, and, in the east, resentment against the cancelling in April, 1918, of the exemption from military service promised to farmers' sons during the 1917 election,—a promise indispensable for Unionist

victory. In three years the organized farmers have captured the Ontario and Alberta governments, dominated the Saskatchewan, and threatened the Manitoba government. In the federal parliament, by defections from the Unionists and success in bye-elections, they have built up a strong group, under the leadership of T. A. Crerar, and now they are fighting all along the line.

Labor has not yet developed a common basis nor a central organization. But though incoherent, the labor movement is steadily gaining strength and momentum and will undoubtedly win a fair number of city and mining seats.

The leaders of the three chief parties are all Canadian-born, all Ontario men, and all in their early or middle forties. Arthur Meighen, farmer's son, teacher, lawyer, member for a Manitoba constituency since 1908, won early recognition in parliament by a judicious blending of party service and occasional independence. Intellectual keenness, tremendous industry and thoroughness, an austere and iron will, have made him the master of his party and a power in parliament. Whenever there was a difficult job to be done, a Canadian Northern subsidy to be defended, a war times election gerrymander to be framed, Winnipeg strike leaders to be jailed, Arthur Meighen did the work ruthlessly and efficiently, and now has his reward. Mackenzie King, grandson of the leader of the Upper Canada Reformers before the Rebellion of 1837, and, like Mr. Meighen, a graduate of the University of Toronto, studied further at Chicago and Harvard, became Deputy Minister of Labor in 1900 and a member of the Laurier Cabinet in 1909. His chief official achievement was the enactment of the measure providing for compulsory investigation of labor disputes in public utilities. While Mr. Meighen is at his best in the quick fence of parliamentary debate, Mr. King is most effective in the rounder periods of the public platform. His wide experience of industrial disputes and his broad sympathies give him unusual equipment for handling the economic difficulties which Canada is facing. Both leaders have the defects of their qualities. Mr. Meighen's critics insist that his keenness tends to hair-splitting, his firmness to intolerance, his assuredness to arrogance, while Mr. King's critics, if admitting his broad sympathies, interpret them as leading him to be all things to all men. Thomas Alexander Crerar, farmer's son, teacher, farmer, president of the United Grain Growers, became Minister of Agriculture in the Unionist government in 1917, resigning in 1919. His frank and hearty directness, his shrewd common sense, his constructive business capacity and his genuine social sympathies have

won him wide confidence. He has not, however, the political experience of either of his fellow leaders, and Conservative opponents denounce him as a reckless visionary.

Of the issues in the election, both Conservatives and Progressives have laid chief emphasis on the tariff. The western farmer, seconded less vigorously by his eastern brother, demands a substantial, if gradual, lowering of duties on the instruments of production and the necessities of life, including food-stuffs: free trade with England in five years is a further plank rashly inserted in the farmers' platform and not now emphasized. Rural depopulation, combines and mergers, the unwillingness of infant industries ever to grow up, are the chief counts in the indictment. The challenge has been taken up by the Conservatives. Mr. Meighen is seeking to divert attention from the government's record, to unite the east against the west and the city against the country, by insisting that once more the nation's industry, its unity and even its independent existence are menaced by free trade wreckers. The Fordney Emergency tariff has played into his hands, and is being worked for all it is worth as a proof of the impossibility of friendly tariff relations and the futility of trusting to the United States market. The Liberals hold a midway position; their platform, adopted in 1919, is substantially the same as the farmers', save for the free trade with England plank, but an influential Montreal wing opposes any reduction, in view of international disturbance and the United States attitude. The old compromise of a tariff for revenue with incidental protection is therefore relied upon. The majority of Liberals would favor a careful and gradual revision downward, possibly including a renewed reciprocity agreement.

Taxation proposals do not count in the campaign, aside from the tariff, and aside from an academic leaning toward land values taxation by some of the farmer leaders. The railway question is as yet in the background. The government has taken over the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern systems, comprising practically all the roads in the country aside from the Canadian Pacific. The roads have not until lately met operating costs, much less fixed charges, achieving a deficit in the past year of \$70,000,000. The farmers, so far at least as their platform goes, favor public ownership. The Conservatives, while including a strong public ownership element in Ontario, to which publicly developed and distributed hydro-electric power is the Gospel and Sir Adam Beck its prophet, have on the whole been lukewarm; they were led into taking over the roads, when they approached bankruptcy, by the burden of state guaranteed

bonds and the pressure of interests seeking to unload their white elephants upon an accommodating public. The Liberals are similarly divided, but the official position is in favor of giving public ownership a full and fair trial. Meanwhile, various financial interests bide the time when incessant deficits will have cured the public of what they term its hobby, and make them ready to listen to bargain sale proposals. A government grain pool or marketing agency has been proposed by the government; it is ingeniously devised to divide the western farmers and divert them from the tariff trail, as well as from the cooperative marketing agencies, but thus far it has not succeeded.

Imperial relations are not to the fore. Liberal and farmer opinion is overwhelmingly opposed to imperial centralization and international entanglements, though sympathetic to the League of Nations. Mr. Meighen has been traditionally an imperialist, but the influence of Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Rowell, and the teaching of experience made him stand out this summer, in the Imperial Conference, against the Anglo-Japanese alliance, at the expense of upsetting Mr. Lloyd George's plans and temper, and made him insist upon the paramount need of retaining United States friendship. In the election, any Conservative centralization views will be kept out of sight while the wooing of Quebec goes on.

Mr. Crerar is probing into the campaign chests of the older parties, or rather into the Conservative chest, as Liberal funds appear to be scanty. The farmers' campaign expenses are being raised by open and popular subscription in small amounts. Whence, Mr. Crerar asks, come the funds for the lavish advertising campaign in press and poster which the government is carrying on? Thus far, he has had no answer.

Next to the tariff, the government forces are trying to make "class rule" the issue. The farmers' movement is depicted as a reckless and selfish class organization, seeking to impose its will regardless of justice or national necessities. The farmers retort that for a generation the country has been ruled by a class and for a class, by lawyers for manufacturers, and that it is time for a change. The Liberals seize the opportunity to emphasize the need of a mediating and moderating influence such as historic Liberalism supplies. As a temporary expedient, to redress the balance of forces, much can be said for the organization of farmers in a distinct group, and thus far the farmers' leaders have not demanded any special privileges for themselves. It is clear, however, that a permanent organization on this basis would provoke counter groupings, and tempt each class to a naked pursuit

of its own economic interest. Mr. Crerar and Ernest Drury, the farmer Premier of Ontario, therefore favor a broadening-out policy, the inclusion in the party ranks of all city-dwellers of like views, while other leaders, like J. J. Morrison of Ontario and especially H. W. Wood of Alberta, fear that disintegration and flabbiness would follow, and insist on a farmer shibboleth. Mr. Meighen has taken advantage of the fact that Mr. Wood hailed originally from Missouri to paint the western farmers as under American influence, though as a matter of fact it has been Eastern Canadian and British settlers who have dominated the movement.

The fact that all women are entitled to vote for the first time, in this election, and particularly the number of three-cornered contests, make the outcome extremely uncertain. So far as can be judged at present, the Atlantic provinces are likely to go strongly Liberal. Quebec, in spite of the natural conservatism of a great part of its people, and the appeal to tariff sentiment, is likely, for this election, to continue Liberal; Mr. Bourassa is not entering the lists, and the farmers, though now beginning to organize, have not yet a strong hold. In Ontario, the farmers are likely to come first, the Conservatives second, and the Liberals third. The farmers should win two-thirds of the prairie seats, while the government and the Liberals, with a Labor man or two, will probably divide British Columbia. The prevalent view at present is that no party will have a majority over all, but that the Liberals will have the largest group, the Farmers second, and the Conservatives third. Three-cornered contests in Ontario and Manitoba, and the revival of Conservative-Nationalist tactics in Quebec, may improve the government's position. Some time for campaigning remains, and the election may be lost or won in the last two weeks.

The real interest in the election will come after the election. Assuming four groups, what then? Whether to form a Cabinet or to carry out a policy, some cooperation of groups will be essential. Clearly Farmer and Conservative cannot unite. The Liberals, if not in control, must be in any combination. But with which group? Business interests, chiefly Montreal-centred, are urging and preparing, as against the day of government defeat, a Liberal-Conservative alliance, perhaps under a new leader. The majority of the Liberal members and certainly of the rank and file would much prefer a Farmer alliance, and the welding of a new Liberal-Progressive party. But that is for tomorrow: today each group is playing for its own hand.

O. D. SKELTON.

The Great Mark Joke

IT was for Germany to make world finance ridiculous. She is paying reparation with spurious money, the vanishing price of which is solemnly recorded on all the great foreign exchange markets, and there is apparently no way to stop her.

When the armistice was signed the German mark was worth about seven cents,—say, fourteen for a dollar. It now is worth only a fraction of a cent,—two hundred more or less for a dollar. The obvious truth about this phenomenon is obscured by a variety of absurd notions, particularly the notion that the depreciation of the mark increases the German exporter's profit and gives him a special advantage in the race for foreign trade. Wherein this is true it is specious and temporary; that effect is possible only so long as the fall of the market in London and New York is faster than the rise of wages and materials in Germany. If it were more than that then every country seeking foreign trade, our own included, should proceed at once to debase its money.

No. What the fall of the market actually represents is a colossal swindle. It represents theft by government on a scale hitherto unimaginable, and finance, knowing it to be such, is engaged in passing the spurious money.

Since the armistice Germany has printed and sold in the outside world through the agencies of foreign exchange, that is, finance, perhaps sixty billions of marks, maybe more. The exact figure doesn't matter. These marks are intrinsically worthless. They will not be redeemed. Every buyer who does not instantly get rid of them in trade makes an involuntary contribution on account of German reparation, for as he holds them the price falls and his loss is the exact measure of his contribution.

Where will the fall of the mark stop?

That question has been continually asking for three years. The answer has been steadily present in the facts. It will stop when the cost of printing and selling the mark is greater than its price. What finance needs is not a prophet but an expert bank-note printer who can say at what price the production of German marks will cease to be profitable as an engraving industry. Then it will stop and Germany will say to the world: "What are we going to do about it?"

Why shouldn't she?—or, why wouldn't you if you were Germany? What has she to lose by go-

ing bankrupt? The debtor who cannot see his way out and lacks besides a conviction of debt will have no pride in solvency.

It is a grotesque matter. Yet this German mark is a significant symbol. What it signifies is the moral and material impotence of finance.

Sanctity of debt is the first postulate of finance. The thought of a country not paying its bonds fills it with horror. But it conducts an enormous traffic in German marks, buying them, selling them, passing them in the ways of trade, and is thereby accessory to a fraud of historic proportions. If it is not conscious of this fact then it is convicted besides of utter stupidity.

It says: "What can finance do? It is helpless."

Just so. In the greatest financial crisis of the world, finance is helpless. It is not responsible. It is without authority. It waits for the event to happen instead of going to meet it.

Mr. Hoover says: "The great banks of issue are the guardians of stability in currencies. It would appear to me that these institutions,—the Federal Reserve Board, the Bank of England, of France, of Amsterdam, Italy, Spain, etc.,—could well consider that it is within their province to concert some unofficial plan leading to the re-establishment of . . . the primary conditions of economic life."

But finance has no background for that task. Its pretensions have broken down. It was never able to rationalize men's pursuit of economic ends; never seriously contemplated that responsibility. It called impractical visionaries those who talked aforetime of stabilizing the dollar or any unit of money in order to eliminate those price panics which periodically convulsed the economic world because there was no constant relation between the volume of money in circulation and the volume of business doing. You couldn't eliminate fluctuations, said finance. You wouldn't if you could. You were crazy to think so.

The one great obstacle to a rational reform of the money mechanism before the war was the preference of finance for its own anarchic way. Well, now it is caught in the whirlwind and cannot imagine what will happen. It prays to be let down whole and calls upon Heaven to witness that it started nothing, did nothing to anybody, and is the victim of circumstances. That is well true. Therein occurs the indictment.

To the problem of financing the war it brought nothing newer than the ancient thought of kings, which was to debase the currency. To the problem of reparation its relation was that of Pontius Pilate, silent witness of preposterous things. It gave itself to a post-war mania for speculation that brought the money balloon to the bursting point. Through the uproar of deflation it intoned the economic law of its faith and being. The law is this: "First is as first does. Self-interest is the divine principle. Jump! Devil get the sillies." And now, as to the aggregate consequences of the war and the peace, as to all the money ruin found in the world, its fundamental suggestion is *thrift!* People shall consume less, produce more and pay their debts for the sake of their credit. The idea is sound. It could be trusted to produce its effect in time to come if people would only consecrate their lives to it. Finance wonders why people are as they are, so frivolous and unthrifty, so determined to kick against the pricks. It appears to wonder only very mildly about what is in their minds.

All this time in the conglomerate mind certain questions have been formulating. They rise—

From the spectacle of a world in financial chaos, money ruined, and at the same time equipped as never before in the lifetime of man with the physical means to produce actual wealth.

From the experience, more or less common in the last three years, that when finance is powerless to effect the exchange of goods between people, business nevertheless may still be profitably transacted on the plan of simple barter.

From the irony that three years after the armistice, two years after the peace, the only definite plan for restoring trade that finance has evolved is the Ter Meulen scheme which provides that governments shall issue bonds to aid imports and exports and guarantee their traders against loss, leaving finance nothing to do but keep the books and collect its profit.

From the notorious failure of finance to effect anything workable in respect of settlements with Germany, witness the fact that the one solid achievement so far in the affair of German reparation lies between France and Germany wherein one agrees to give and the other to receive goods,—actual goods,—in lieu of money payments. This is not a financial transaction at all. It was done independently of finance, independently of the Reparations Commission.

The questions are these:

How important is finance?

Are its sanctions vital?

Is solvency in the financial sense a mode or a principle?

Wherein is the good of all people bound up with the sanctity of debt?

Is it fair or feasible for those who loaned inflated war dollars to require payment in deflated peace dollars worth twice as much in buying power?

If finance expects the whirlwind to set it down gently it must face these questions and deal with their implications. And American finance particularly will have to see light in strange places. Its self-deceptions are absurd. It behaves as if Germany were going to pay, though in Wall Street you would not find one in a thousand believing it privately: as if a funding of the Allied debt to the United States were equivalent to payment: as if those former associates in war who owe this country eleven billions of dollars were not increasingly obsessed by the thought that America must cancel or on some ground forgive the debt: as if anybody could imagine such a debt being paid by people who think it oppressive.

In a perfectly fatuous way American finance behaves as if the frenzy of exchange and the sickness of trade were *financial* questions and the matter of the Allied debt to the United States a *political* question, whereas it is all one very complex formation of trouble and needs to be acted upon with all the financial, political and moral skill we have.

What shall be done about the great international war debts is the basic question, politically and financially. Until it is settled the economic world will linger in a state of delirium. Great Britain, France, Italy, et al, owe the United States government a fabulous sum. They cannot pay unless they collect a fabulous sum from Germany. Germany has been paying in spurious money. And finance is powerless. It is powerless because it is passive. It has no daring to shape events. It lets them happen. It permitted the present to happen all as it is. So now it is leaving the future to bring itself to pass. It is for converting the eleven billions of the I O U's of our former war associates into long term bonds, for that is what you do for a creditor that cannot pay. It is for lending Europe enormous additional sums of credit, for that is what you do for an insolvent who already owes you so much that you cannot afford to let him go.

If you suggest that the United States might rescue Europe in a much simpler way,—that is, by tearing up those eleven billions of I O U's, provided Europe at the same time agreed to settle her internal accounts in a rational manner, American finance says that is a political matter. It cannot have anything to do with it. Indeed, it happens to share with conservative politicians the opinion that there is no popular sentiment toward

forgiving the debt. Why, after all, should the United States be expected to pay the German indemnity? That is what it would amount to in the end.

This in Wall Street, from American finance, that has passed in this country many billions of those spurious German marks! The loss thereon is an original gift of new money to the German reparation fund. And moreover, when the United States lends Europe new capital on top of a debt already so large as to be uncollectable, which is what finance proposes to do, and is in fact doing, that is just as much paying the German indemnity as to wipe off the slate a sum of capital already gone.

"That may be," says finance. "No matter. Why argue? Nobody knows what will happen. Many

things settle themselves if you let them alone."

It has no plan but this.

If a moment came when the American government could trade a dangerous war debt for a moral triumph in world diplomacy it would not dare, with finance aloof, meticulous, minding only the things that are Caesar's, and waiting,—waiting for governments to balance their budgets, for profits to be untaxed, for labor to become reconciled, for economic law to be vindicated. It waits in the whirlwind. It will wait for the German mark bubble to burst. It will wait until the bitter thought of repudiation has crystallized in the minds of debtor nations. Will it wait until the altar of Baal is cast down and the grove is cut down that was by it?

GARET GARRETT.

Coney Island for Battered Souls

BATTERED, that is, without being aware of it. For if they were conscious of the condition they could not be happy under the treatment Coney offers, which is: super-battering.

Souls battered by what? you ask. By life; by our industrial civilization; and most of all, by the conditions human beings must endure if they choose to dwell in the city. At Coney we eat our "hot dogs" bathed in mustard; a pot of the arsenical looking stuff stands on the counter and the customer trowels it out to his own taste. It is the rite most frequently performed; and it is symbolic of the place. A palate dulled with condiments must be over-stimulated before it can taste at all. A mind buffeted by the whirlwind of life in New York, assaulted by the roar of machinery, dizzied by the pace at which we spin along, learns to regard a shout as the normal tone, and cannot hear with comfort anything less strident.

So Coney is the place where people are shouted at for their own pleasure, enjoying both new noises and the extra loudness. Come for a walk down our chief street, and let me show you what I mean. The very architecture roars at you. The entrance to an amusement park must not be an entrance merely; it should be the gigantic round face of a man, with enormous staring eyes and a gaping mouth through which the crowds can pass. Failing this, it should be a section of the Swiss Alps, with a real waterfall. If our architectural scheme requires pillars—lo! they are barber poles. The final word in exterior decoration is a big mirror set into the wall, and surrounded by the same gilt moulding in bas-relief which is to be found

along the tops of the animals' cages at the circus.

And not only our eyes, but our ears are the subject of assault and battery. No Coney peanut roaster is a peanut roaster without a whistle, querulous and incessant. The balloons we buy for our children remain rotund only while pinched shut; when released they collapse with the wail of a dying pig. Thousands of automobiles move slowly up and down the street and blow their horns continuously, just because it is Coney. Let your car stand empty by the curb and twenty-seven of every hundred passers-by will sound your klaxon. The merry-go-round has an artificial xylophone player which is nearly as horrible as the real thing. We dot our landscape with dance-halls where the jazz goes fourteen hours a day. After all this, for novelty we import into bedlam a brass band and have a free concert! Even while it is in progress, observe any of our hundreds of busy merchants and you will see his lips moving as he incessantly chants his wares. He does not watch to see if anyone is listening; and indeed, no one ever is.

But the street is too tame to hold the true Coney Islander long. Let us equip ourselves with hot dog sandwiches, peanuts and Babylonian bricks of incredibly tough popcorn, and seek the chance to live dangerously.

A chief pleasure of battered souls, one notices at once, is battered bodies. Here is a device where half a dozen of us sit in a flat-bottomed bowl and fall downhill, around curves, against posts, whirling at dizzy speed, jolted, sick and happy. Further on we do the same thing without the intervention of the bowl, sliding in a polished chute.

Probably the pleasure of the latter comes from wondering about slivers. . . . After you have done any of these things, you stand and watch other people repeating your agonies, and seeing them ridiculous you have all the contemptuous superiority of a new fledged sophomore hazing a freshman. There are floors which revolve and toss pedestrians off by centrifugal force. There is a section which has waves and you coast along in a wheeled-chair, somewhat as do the Hawaiian surf-board riders. Any Freudian could make a good dream interpretation of another device, where you sit in a gondola and swoop down a long hill into the sea. There are vertical Ferris wheels, horizontal Ferris wheels, and magnificent Ferris wheels which are both at once. When you see our patient, rather sad-faced crowd gazing upward at these aerial toys and waiting in long lines for the chance to escape from reality by yielding themselves to the embrace of brutal and inscrutable machinery, you can understand the impulse which animated Daedalus, Icarus and the Wright Brothers.

All our pleasures are violent; but sometimes, as in the Eden Musee, the violence is in repose. The staring, life-sized wax-works are exactly as they have always been, though the show is brightened with new groups from time to time. We have the trial and execution of Edith Cavell, now, and a dreadful opium den, "a replica of one on the Barbara [sic] Coast." There is "Charlie Chaplin in Flirtation," and W. G. Harding, with a footnote explaining that he is President of the United States. The Eden Musee is generous, and fills its windows with enticing specimens of the glories within. On one side is "The Eagle's Nest," with a huge and dusty eagle seeking to carry off a baby which lies in perilous passivity on a rock. But father is there, and he simply will not tolerate this sort of thing. Looking like a movie hero, he defends baby with an axe, while mother crouches approvingly in the background. In the other window Pharaoh's daughter discovers the infant Moses among the bulrushes, and does so with an expression of ironical contempt which seems to indicate that she knows what a nuisance babies are.

Let no one tell you that Americans are lacking in historical sense. This may be true in some parts, but not at Coney, which has its monument to the past, all complete with commemorative tablet. It is a roller coaster enterprise on the wall of which is lettered the fact that "This Ride is a Memorial to Lamarcus A. Thompson, the Inventor of Gravity Rides, Who Built on This Location the First Gravity Ride Ever Built." The lettering goes on to a canny argument that you run

little risk if you embark. It is "as safe as forty years of constant experience can make a ride." Methinks the gentleman doth protest too much.

Most of us, however, do not need his reassurance. The roller coaster, diversified into a score of forms and titles, is one of our most popular means of self-battery. Look above the roofs in any direction and you will see their long-legged trestles. Their roar, like a surf, is a continuous obligato to the terrified screams of the happy passengers. If you pay your ten cents and sit in one of the wooden cars, like a coffin with seats, you will see signs everywhere: "Don't Stand Up! Hold Your Hat!" Both these rulings are disregarded. Every day straw hats are lost, to the quantity of six heaping bushel baskets, and from time to time a young man stands up and is killed by an overhead beam. Then the machinery is halted and the subdued revelers sit and wait while the body is brought in and whisked out of sight. Presently off we go again, for after all, there are plenty of young men. The bright face of danger is none the less alluring because one in ten thousand has gazed upon Medusa and died.

Are you thinking that we have forgotten something? No; the sea is still there. It is patient and will wait until we have eaten our popcorn, shot at the leaping tin rabbits, been photographed in the dummy automobile and played a game of checkers with the little old man—ten cents if he beats you, nothing if you win.

At one end our street suddenly falls away into the open gray slope of the beach. Here you may stand on a hot Sunday in July and see no single unoccupied spot as large as a copy of the Police Gazette. Instead, like a peck of spilled beads, there are heads and heads, with occasional umbrellas and here and there bare legs waving helplessly upside down as the sportive young men "rough-house" each other. Fourteen thousand persons have used the municipal bath-house in a single day, but this is not enough and it is being expanded. Thousands more use the private facilities, where the prices go up or down according to the hour of the day and the day of the week—a perfect example of the beneficent law of supply and demand.

On a day when the muggy heat wraps itself lovingly around you, stops your breath and makes the blood pound in your temples, the surf is spattered with bathers like a seal herd off the Aleutian Islands. Generally speaking, we do not swim. We jump up and down, we splash, we exhibit our handsome forms to a crowd of strangers. Of the total time we spend in bathing suits we are in the water perhaps a fifth. The true delight is in get-

ting your clothes off, in feeling the sand between your toes, in having about you no pockets, no subway tickets, no memoranda. Mankind has inhabited the earth five hundred thousand years, worn clothing a tenth as long, and we made that clothing hideous and uncomfortable only the other day, so to speak. It is no wonder that some unregenerate souls are glad to get rid of the novelty.

As you count the heads upon the beach, you will see that the hair on most of them is black. Coney is one more place from which the native Yankee stock has retreated before the fierce tide of the south European and Oriental. Most of the names above the doors of our amusement places are Jewish. It is a fascinating spectacle to see a young girl swinging modishly through the throng, hair bobbed, skirts short, heels high, beaded bag exactly the proper size and cut, robin's egg blue sweater knitted in wide mesh to show the fascinating pink beneath—and her face, in cheek-bones and contour, the face of the peasants in their huts among the Balkans. The International Eugenic Congress has decided that the melting pot doesn't melt, but Helene—whose mother's name was Yashyanka—knows better. Her aunt back in Bulgaria has never seen a bathtub, cannot read or write, and sews up her children every autumn for the winter, while Helene is a cash girl at Bulger's Big Store, has seen eighty-six installments of *The Risks of Ruth* in the movies and buys the *Evening Journal* every night. . . .

The Coney crowd, once or twice removed from Europe, has only partially digested the Anglo-Saxon Puritanism which forms the framework of American manners. The love-making on the beach when the policeman is not looking, is as ardent as it is indifferent to stares and giggles. After all, youth *must* seek its own; if society fails to provide solitude, society must learn to look the other way.

No American scene is complete without an incongruity; at Coney it is the seaside park. You come upon it suddenly at the end of our dirty white street. Within a thick hedge there is a level greensward. Huge trees shade its borders; like all respectable parks it has flowers and rubbish cans. But with us who go to Coney the park is not popular. Not enough jazz. Too quiet. You can see an old park anywhere, but Coney is the place of the hot dogs, the dance pavilions, the African dodger, the ring toss with its prizes of candy and kewpie dolls. The park department has done its bit for Puritanism with its absurd sign: "Persons in Bathing Suits Not Allowed in This Park." Except on the warmest days it is needless.

Among New Yorkers of the better sort (as the ad men say) there are some, with a shamefaced love of Coney, who will insist to you on the beauty of the island at night. In the daytime, they explain, it is garish and soiled. But when the stars are out, and the kindly purple wing of night wipes away the grime, and the little yellow electric lamps, looped and festooned above you, burn with a soft radiance in the moist summer air—ah, then! . . .

I deny it. I deny your right to abjure Coney before sunset and accept it thereafter. For at both times the essential meaning of the place is the same. The bands go wheezing on with the same tunes. The solemn-eyed dancers shuffle endlessly, cheek by jowl. The motion picture palaces flicker away with their machine-made triangle plays. The barkers, so much overrated by our writers of popular fiction, bellow their ten-word messages as drearily at one time as another, without an ounce of wit to the ton. No; if you embrace Coney, it should be a marriage, not a platonic courtship after dark.

Let us not stay to see the lights come on, for I would show you the loveliest thing that Coney has to offer, and it is far away. Just as the sun sets, we will mount the concrete stairway to track D and take our train. As you jam your way in with a thousand others close-packed until your feet hardly touch the floor, and as the city-bound express shoots onward, taking curves and switches without a pause, you will be able to realize better why our islanders' nerves are jaded and must have thrill upon thrill for their titillation.

Presently we slacken speed and move up a long slope out of the tunnel upon a bridge. Push past the fat Jewess with the baby and get to the window. Far across the river, shrouded in violet haze, lies the City, against a sky of pearl and silver and purple. Row on row the lighted windows go up, here in flat cliffs like squared-off stalagmites, there in slender towers. It seems incredible that insignificant man should have erected these mighty bulwarks which glow in the sunset and should have filled them with the myriad activities of his complex life. Yet he has done so; has played Frankenstein for a pale stone monster which has turned upon him and destroyed him. . . . Destroyed him, at least, to the extent that Coney and the things of Coney have come to mean a consummation to him.

"K'nalstee," says the guard, and two hundred creatures in the image of God shove and pant and mutter as they crowd out of the airless car into the airless station.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Friends Among the Children in Russia

IN a small room at the end of a long dark corridor on the third floor of a vermin-infested Bolshevik hotel, littered with discarded mats and accumulations of dirt, is the office of the Quaker Relief Work in Moscow. If you are familiar with present Moscow customs and will make your way thither some time between eleven and one at night, you presumably will find the head of the Russian work, Mr. Watts, a keen man of wiry build, about thirty-five years old, with strong, friendly eyes. He will tell you about the activities of the Friends in Russia.

At once you will learn that all their present work is carried on in behalf of the children, that up to September of this year they have confined their efforts largely to the Moscow district, but that now they are sending an American, Miss Haines, into the famine zone on the Volga and are planning soon to help the children of Petrograd. In the past the difficulty has been that the need in Moscow was so tremendous that far more supplies were necessary for that city alone than they could possibly furnish.

Ever since their work was started, the Quakers have been hampered by lack of funds. England has raised only about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the American Relief Administration has granted supplies worth about one hundred and fifty thousand, and the remaining American contributions have been entirely inadequate. The result is that Mr. Watts must sit down each month, calculate very closely the amount of supplies available for distribution during the coming thirty days, and then apportion what there is as best he can. The list of all the institutions with the children that are credited to each by the Soviet authorities is checked up by the number which he or his assistants have actually found in them. Then, knowing approximately what food each institution has, the supplies at hand are given where there is the greatest need.

Hundreds of children in Russia are developing tuberculosis each week because they lack the most vital necessities of an adequate diet. Except for the babies, the children receive from the government absolutely no ration of milk, and it is to supply this deficiency that the Quakers have established twenty milk stations through which they attempt to feed sixteen thousand. None come to the feeding points as is the case in the work of the American Relief Administration, but each milk depot sends its product to the nearest children's institution. For this work the Quakers supply al-

together an average of one hundred and twenty-eight thousand tins of milk a month.

Owing to the famine and the constant shipment of supplies to the starving districts, the government allowance of food and soap for the children has decreased materially in the past few months. For instance, in the matter of soap the Soviet today can furnish only one-eighth of a pound per child a month, whereas half a year ago it gave double this amount. The result has been that the supplies of the Friends have often made the difference between life and death for thousands. During May, June, and July 100,560 pounds of soap were distributed by them to the school children of Moscow. There were thousands who received none, even though it seemed best to supply the barest minimum necessary to cleanliness wherever any was given out.

Mr. Watts believes that the Bolsheviks have been friendly to his organization partly because it extends relief through Bolshevik institutions rather than to individuals directly. Furthermore, throughout the war, in every country in which the Friends have carried on their activities, they have had a clean record of straightforward humanitarian service untinged by political motives. In Moscow they have not hesitated to use Communist workers, which fact doubtless facilitates their dealings with the government. At any rate, they have received remarkable cooperation from the Soviets. Their workers are permitted to travel everywhere in Russia without charge or hindrance. Such things as gasoline, oil, warehouses, office and living accommodations have been furnished free. In some cases, even the salaries of Russian helpers have been paid.

One comes away from repeated interviews with Mr. Watts feeling that after all there is a good deal to be said in favor of the present Russian régime. His testimony is strong evidence of what the Bolsheviks are attempting to do for the younger generation. He states that he would as soon send his own child to a Bolshevik home as to a boarding school in England. Since he or his assistants have delivered 2,626 orders to various children's institutions, he has had an opportunity to study their work as has no other foreigner in Russia. His testimony, therefore, cannot be lightly disregarded. Moreover, he believes that there is no immorality connected with any of the children's homes and, so far as he has been able to discover, no dishonesty in the management. In not a single known case have his supplies been sold on the public market. Numbers of people have reported such dishonesty, but in every case where the matter was investigated—and Mr. Watts has spared

no pains to run down every such rumor—it has been found that the supplies were of a different brand from that given out by the Friends. He has even begged all those who have reported such incidents to him, as well as those hostile to the Soviets, to use every effort to discover a case in which Quaker supplies have been misappropriated, and he has still to uncover the first one. At the very least this indicates that the overwhelming majority of the food reaches the children.

The Bolshevik government has publicly stated that in Russia the children come first, that, as long as there is not enough food for all, the children shall have a priority claim. More money is spent on education and food for them than ever before in Russia. All the work for children under three years is directed by the Department of Motherhood and Infancy under the Commissioner of Health. The Department of Education has the oversight of those above that age, provided they are free from serious illness. In the latter case they are sent to one of the health hospitals. If they have incipient tuberculosis, for instance, they go to the Forest Schools of which there are thirty-two in Moscow alone, conducted by the City Health Department. There the children remain for six months while being instructed in those rules of living which arrest the preliminary stages of tuberculosis. The children at these institutions wear the barest minimum of clothing—loose fitting drawers—during the summer months to increase the area of the body which is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. They are kept constantly in the open air and the sunlight. The beneficial effect of such treatment is shown by the fact that despite the meagre rations, they improve rapidly in health and weight. In 1918, for instance, there was an average gain of 1.3 kilograms in six months; in the winter of 1919-20, 1.9 kilograms; and in the summer of 1920, 2.3 in the same period of time.

At all the schools and colonies the children elect their own executive committees. As far as possible they are taught to assist in the necessary work connected with the institution. They have their own gardens in which to raise vegetables. They make their own beds, sweep the floors, and work in the kitchen. They are taught reading and writing, arithmetic and geography, besides manual training and domestic science. Often there is a photographic department in which the children take, develop, and print their own pictures; they may have their own press and publish a school paper. In the natural science courses the children make extensive studies of the animal and bird life of the neighborhood and are required to prepare detailed notebooks with drawings of the various

animals and insects that they have seen, accompanied by written descriptions of how these creatures live. Each child takes great pride in his own book and there is great rivalry in producing the best one. Indeed, nature study is probably the most successful of all the subjects taught in the Forest Schools.

It is most interesting to watch the children as the supplies from the Quakers' automobile are being delivered. They throng about Mr. Watts, looking up to him as a hero who is bringing them presents from abroad. In fact he is the idol not only of the children but also of the teachers, many of whom can hardly understand why a foreigner should be willing to endure the deprivations of Moscow when he might enjoy the luxuries of England. In many cases the supplies are taken, weighed, and the receipt for them signed, by one of the children who is the elected representative of the others. Villages composed entirely of institutions of one kind and another for children have also been established by the Bolsheviks. In these places the young people elect their own representative as mayor, and have their own village council. In fact, the entire village is planned and run by the children. As far as one can observe, it seems to be much cleaner, more healthful, and to have more social advantages than the ordinary adult Russian village. All of this responsibility seems to create considerable independence and initiative on the part of the children. There are always teachers in evidence, but they try to cooperate and direct affairs unobtrusively rather than to assert their prerogative of authority.

The Bolsheviks prohibit any direct religious teaching in the various children's institutions except the explanation of the significance of the various religious holidays. Each child is permitted to wear his baptismal cross, to have a religious ikon or picture, and to attend church if he desires.

Of course, it is quite possible that Mr. Watts overlooks some of the evil effects of the present régime and overemphasizes the good that the Bolsheviks are doing. But even admitting that his report is one-sided and that the scores of institutions seen by the writer are exceptional, it cannot be denied that the Bolsheviks, both in their literature and public statements, emphasize their desire to place the children first. Bad methods have undoubtedly been used by them, and their minds and theories have been warped by an environment created by Tsaristic autocracy, but we must still acknowledge what they are attempting to do for the children of Russia. Credit should be given them for regarding as all-important the child and

his welfare, a policy too often lacking in our capitalistic states.

Whatever we may think about the Bolsheviks and the desirability of their elimination, Americans should be glad that an organization such as the Quakers' is attempting to help the children of Russia. So far, their work has been but the barest beginning of what could and ought to be done. Those of us who really desire to help the Russian people can express our feelings in no better way than by making generous contributions to the American Friends' Relief Committee. It is to be hoped that very substantial sums will be forthcoming to continue this work during the long winter months when so many thousands of children will inevitably face cold, hunger and disease.

JEROME DAVIS.

What Shall the Poor Girl Wear?

A GREAT mercantile house, known round the globe, has ordered its saleswomen to net their bobbed hair and let it grow. Another retail establishment throws a fit about "lightened" hair. A whole chorus of insurance companies, financial houses and accounting establishments finds time to sing a song about short skirts, silk stockings and transparent blouses. All agree,

"Business women should dress as simply and inconspicuously as possible."

Should they? Why?

It has taken me years to get to the point of asking that question. But now I do ask it, loudly:

"Why should a girl dress like a nun just because she works for a living?"

Why shouldn't she wear as pretty, silly clothes as the girl who stays at home to help mother? Earrings and strapped toes and high heels and strings of barbaric beads and everything else.

If you put it on the ground of simplicity for all girls and all women—why, that's another matter. Maybe so and maybe not so. But the idea that red and orange and nasturtium yellow and aster purples belong to the girl whose allowance comes from her father, while navy blue and dark brown are the colors for a girl whose pay envelope comes from her typewriter—this seems to me not fair at all. Why should a business girl be restricted to the type of costume that no woman ever turns her head to look after on the street?

If she is saleswoman in a retail store, the case is different, I grant you. She must wear black to avoid competing with the goods. Selling is the

object. Nothing must distract attention from the article she holds out in her white, well-groomed hands. I would give salesgirls coats as gay as dahlias and hats like flamingoes to wear back and forth to work, that the black of their frocks may not shadow their souls.

Girls who click the typewriter in serried rows under the indirect lighting system that has replaced daylight in offices, girls who figure other people's money behind bank gratings, and girls who file divers papers in complicated systems, all girls who have tiresome jobs in drab offices, would far better wear buttercup yellow and apple green and all the flaming colors of the sunrise they never see, instead of the "suitable" clothes wished onto them. If they like, that is. If a girl prefers to dress like a rainy day, why, that again is another matter. But it isn't they, it is their employers who want them to look like the outside of the cloud that conceals its silver lining.

During this present wave of firing for bobbed hair and general grouching over girls' naughty clothes, I have been doing a heap of thinking. And I have been thinking, not about the girls, but about the employers. In a technical banking magazine which it is my ill-fortune to read, I found between an article on trade acceptances and one on the duties of the bank farm agent, an essay on how women in financial houses should dress. Several bankers gave their views but not their names. One stated the matter thus:

"Girls who wear gay clothes to business are too distracting to the young men in the office. We are letting them out as fast as we can fill their positions."

Letting who out? The young distracted men? No. Letting the girls out.

Another said,

"They think too much about their clothes."

A third averred,

"They think too much about getting married."

The accusations are not, you notice, that the gayly dressed damsels talk too much about clothes and marriage or that they waste the firms' time or make mistakes. It is their alleged thoughts that are unsatisfactory.

Most employers feel more comfortable about a girl with thin hair and big teeth, who forgets to powder her nose. A boss will tell you gravely that such a one thinks only of her work. How the dickens does he know what she is thinking about? What he really means is that she doesn't tempt even his unconscious mind to amorous thoughts. He feels safe with her. Safe. Safe.

Now is it true that a spring chicken who shows her thin shoulder blades through flesh-colored

georgette (washed out at night in the handbasin with tinted soap) or a smiling chunky who cuts her sleeves halfway to the shoulder, cannot tap her letters or figure her balance or hold her tongue when she is called down for another fellow's mistakes? Does efficiency choose always to dwell in blue serge? I doubt it.

When women first began to go after their political and economic rights, they laid aside their right to feminine personality. The pioneer doctors and lawyers and Wall Street women wore black suits and white collars and plain felt hats. These seemed to them the symbols of freedom and responsibility. They were penetrating into what they themselves thought was man's world and they made themselves as much like men as they could.

In somewhat the same way, during the war, women who did war work, wore uniforms modeled after men's uniforms. Going into what had been thought to be wholly a man's world of belligerency, they sought to reassure men by wearing the symbol of militarism.

Most men prefer a woman thus to adapt her costume to the business world, although she must be careful not to overstep the line and be "man-nish." These men like a woman to be frilly and fluffy at home and in the evening. They want the women they meet socially to be very "feminine," but they are resentful, because vaguely disturbed, when a woman dares be "feminine" in the downtown world which they still think is their exclusive property. They cannot stand having about them women who are obviously women and not imitation men. Not real men in line for promotions and salary raises and likely to holler at being passed over; but passive, sexless creatures grateful for being underpaid and overworked and convinced that the boss and God are always right.

Headliner business women wear simple and unostentatious costumes because they can afford to buy the very best models and because by the time they are headliners they are beyond the rainbow age. But Twinkletoes, earning fifteen a week, has one dress at a time for church, office and picnic. If there is any zip in the child, that one dress is going to be the liveliest she can achieve. We would like her to be Twinkletoes before breakfast and after supper, but Sobersides in the street car and office. But she has not money enough for two costumes nor experience enough for two personalities. She chooses—thank God—to be Twinkletoes down town as well as up town. And risk being fired for distracting young men in offices.

For my part I am glad the grouchy, prosperous employers cannot suppress her youthful folly. I adore the elusive beauty and silly gayety of young

things coming and going from work. I enjoy their round, firm bodies; their pretty, much-shown legs; pale, rouged faces, vanity cases and dangling bags; white satin skirts and sweaters knitted in the subways; and the fur coats they shouldn't have afforded. It seems incredible that these foolish little creatures, many of whom have not yet got their growth, are working seven and eight hours a day at jobs with which no human being born to live and love should be content. Along Nassau Street and John Street and close to Wall Street itself, women's wear shops are thrusting their windows out among the men's hat and cane stores. Lace collars, embroidered chemises, red tams and even bold pink nighties bear witness that the financial world no longer belongs to men alone.

At noon the girl workers hurry along the gray, stone-walled canyons, gay as a crocus bed in the spring sunshine, chattering like squirrels, and heedless as a bunch of puppies. Not one in ten is wearing the modest and durable frock recently recommended by fourteen clergymen. They are girls first and working girls second.

Women of brains and courage pushed their way into these frowning buildings, and women of force and determination hold the big woman jobs in the financial districts. But the silly little flapper has dared to dress as she fashionably pleases in Wall Street itself and powder her nose right under her employer's frown. She is the bravest of them all.

MARY ALDEN HOPKINS.

April Mortality

Rebellion shook an ancient dust,
And bones bleached dry of rottenness
Said: Heart, be bitter still, nor trust
The earth, the sky, in their bright dress.

Heart, heart, dost thou not break to know—
This anguish thou wilt bear alone?
We sang of it an age ago,
And traced it dimly upon stone.

With all the drifting race of men
Thou also art begot to mourn
That she is crucified again,
The lonely Beauty yet unborn.

And if thou dreamest to have won
Some touch of her in permanence,
'Tis the old cheating of the sun,
The intricate lovely play of sense.

Be bitter still, remember how
Four petals, when a little breath
Of wind made stir the pear-tree bough,
Blew delicately down to death.

LEONIE ADAMS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The British in the Far East

SIR: Mr. William Hard's articles, *God and Chess at the Washington Conference* and *Give and Take at the Washington Conference*, in Asia, are so admirable and fair-minded that we feel it a pity that his article on *The A. B. C. of the Peace Conference*, like so many others in the journals, emphasizes the offence of Japan who, without the example, past and present, of Great Britain's more or less protective acquiescence, could not do what she is doing. He said:

"Q. Are the Europeans less active than the Japanese in the annexing and in the leasing of Chinese territory?"

"A. In the past, they have been more active."

May I call Mr. Hard's attention to the recent piratical British Cassel Collieries Contract in Kwangtung, when Kwangtung was temporarily governed by the militarists of Kwangsi, later expelled by General Chen, now Civil Governor of Kwangtung. The enforcement of this contract, as John Dewey says, in "giving away the natural resources of the people of the province, was knowingly made by a British company with a government which no more represented the people of the province than the military government of Germany represented the people of Belgium during the War." Coincident with this transaction "a Congress of British Chambers of Commerce was held in Shanghai, at which resolutions were passed in favor of abolishing henceforth the whole principle of special nationalistic concessions."

William Hard, in his article on *Give and Take at the Washington Conference*, says: "A British company was given the right for ninety years to exploit all the coal resources of the districts lying along the railway and the right to construct future railways, the right to have the assistance of the provincial government in succeeding to whatever rights may now be possessed by other persons in the matter of coal in Kwangtung and the right in the directorate of the Company to have four foreign directors and three Chinese."

We would also recall the unjust dealings in Sinkiang and Amoy and the opposition by the British and Japanese to the construction of an American radio station in Shanghai.

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD.

Rye, New York.

Keep the Open Door

SIR: The present situation confronting Japan and the United States is, in barest outline and without considering the viewpoint of China, the conflict of the Japanese policy of encroachment upon China and eastern Siberia in an attempt to control sources of raw materials, and the American policy of the open door in China. The probability of war between the two nations depends then upon the following three questions:

1. Will the Japanese government persist in its expansion in Asia, if the United States shows determination to resist it, by force if necessary?

The militarists in command of the Japanese government certainly do not want to fight the United States; they realize how costly and largely futile the war would be, and that Japan in the end would be defeated. But, on the other hand, the increasing population of Japan can be supported only by developing Japan as an industrial centre. That development requires raw materials, in which the Japanese islands are not rich. Hence the expansion of control over sources of raw materials in China and Siberia, which the Japanese consider absolutely essential to the preservation of the national prestige and position as a great power, even of the national existence. Under the circumstances, and unless some other way of assuring this needful supply of raw materials can be found, Japan must persist in her present policy in fact, whatever verbal concessions she may be compelled to make; and she will so persist even at the risk of war with the United States.

2. Can any internal forces modify the power of the militarists who at present dominate the Japanese government, and change Japanese policy toward China, so as to avert war with the United States?

Time will bring forward the younger men of Japan to

positions of power, and their attitude may be more liberal; but at present liberal forces, as well as labor and radical organizations, are negligible and seem likely to remain so for years to come. Moreover, even a more liberal government would find itself forced to continue the policy of expansion to control raw materials on the mainland, in the face of the national situation of Japan outlined above,—unless international agreement can provide some other assurance of the necessary supplies.

3. Has the United States interests in the Far East which are sufficiently vital, and which are being sufficiently infringed by the Japanese policy of expansion, to justify a resort to war to preserve them?

War with Japan will not be a joke, Americans must never forget that.

Our colonies in the Pacific are not in danger, except in case of war. Our treaty rights in China are mere expressions of underlying interests such as American trade. (Our trade in the Far East also comprises a considerable traffic with Japan, it must be kept in mind.) Our trade interest with China is bound up in the more important and comprehensive interest represented by the policy of the open door, the policy of equal commercial opportunity and no special privilege for all foreigners in China. It is notorious that Japanese expansion has again and again violated the principle of the open door.

The open door policy, if enforced, is important not only because it provides the fair field of competition which American business demands. It is important also as an expression of American popular sentiment against the exploitation of weak nations by strong, particularly against the exploitation of our friends the Chinese. And the open door is of vital importance, finally, as the greatest safeguard of China against dismemberment into foreign spheres of interest or protectorates. In that sense, the open door is not merely an American policy, it is an international policy and principle, for to preserve the integrity of China is an essential basis of world peace. To abandon the open door as a restraint upon national rivalries in China would be in effect to guarantee a future war of world-wide scope, in which the United States would be inevitably involved.

Under these circumstances, the United States would be justified in maintaining the open door principle even at the risk of war with Japan; but the burden of enforcing this international policy for world peace ought to be shared by all nations, and not left to the United States alone.

The efforts of the Washington Conference therefore, so far as they concern the Pacific, should be directed primarily toward a reconciliation of Japan's imperative need of supplies of raw materials with the open door principle. Japan has a vital national interest, but the open door is a world interest. After all, what Japan needs is not sources, it is reasonably assured supplies, of raw materials. If some method of assuring to Japan her necessary requirements, perhaps by a revival of that international economic control so unwisely scrapped at Paris, can be found, which does not conflict with the open door principle, and if the combined influence of the nations and peoples of the world can be mustered in its support, so that Japan will accept and abide by the arrangement, war between the United States and Japan may be averted.

HAYDN HAINES.

Wyoming, Ohio.

Are Railway Wages Adequate?

SIR: The threatened railway strike has been called off; nevertheless I believe that issue should be taken with the conclusions suggested by K. T. G. in the communication printed in your issue of November 2nd in his analysis of the railway wage situation.

The tables presented by him are computed for average earnings for the second quarter of 1921. The first question presented is whether wage movements should be regulated with reference to *wage rates*, or with reference to *computed earnings*. The railway unions in their arguments before government boards have usually protested against the use of statistics of earning,

and for the use of wage rates. Mr. Stockett in his analysis of railway wage proceedings (The Arbitral Determination of Railway Wages, Page 107) explains their stand as follows . . . "The employees, on the other hand, contend that the computation of the increase in wages should be based on the assumption that wages mean rates of pay, and that the high earnings which the railways show for the men are a result of the excessive hours worked . . ."

A comparison of wage rates for those groups studied by K. T. G. (taken from the May issue of the U. S. Labor Monthly Review) shows a considerably different situation than he depicts. They are as follows:

AVERAGE HOURLY COMPENSATION (IN DOLLARS)

	Year ending June 30, 1915	Last quarter, 1920	Pct. increase	Pct. deduc- tion ordered July 1, '21
Yard Engineers and Motormen	.425	.948	123%	8.9%
Yard Firemen and Helpers	.261	.743	185%	11.3%
Yard Conductors (or Foremen)	.386	.903	134%	9.2%
Yard Brakemen	.349	.838	140%	9.8%
Road Freight Enginemen	.598	1.181	98%	8.3%
Road Freight Firemen and Helpers..	.382	.906	137%	10.8%
Road Freight Conductors	.498	.989	99%	10.0%
Road Freight Brakemen and Flagmen	.336	.796	137%	12.5%
Road Passenger Engineer, Motormen	.824	1.349	64%	7.4%
Road Passenger Firemen and Helpers	.506	1.047	107%	9.6%
Road Passenger Conductors	.669	1.132	70%	8.6%
Road Passenger Brakemen and Flagmen	.381	.836	119%	12.0%

The wage rates given are as they were for the 4th quarter of 1920, but no changes were ordered between that time, and the change effective June 1, 1921.

The chief argument against the use of figures of earnings is, of course, that they are greatly affected by the state of railroad activity. If wage movements are based on figures taken for a period of great prosperity, the union would be correct in arguing that they formed an unfair basis for a wage scale for more normal times. In the same way, figures of earnings for the second quarter of 1921 as the basis of calculation are unsuitable, as that period was undoubtedly one of extreme railroad inactivity. If, in further example, the figures of earnings for the 4th quarter of 1920 (certainly not one of unusual activity) are taken, see what a different result is obtained, presenting the figures as K. T. G. did:

AVERAGE ANNUAL COMPENSATION (DOLLARS).

	Year ending June 30, 1915	175 % 1915 earnings	Earnings 4th quarter, 1920	Pct. decrease 1921
Yard Engineers and Motormen	\$1,528	2,674	2,750	8.9
Yard Firemen and Helpers	916	1,603	2,107	11.3
Yard Conductors (or Foremen)	1,358	2,376	2,604	9.2
Yard Brakemen	1,169	2,044	2,319	9.8
Road Freight Enginemen....	1,846	3,230	3,564	8.3
Road Freight Firemen and Helpers	1,136	1,988	2,560	10.8
Road Freight Conductors....	1,589	2,779	3,156	10.0
Road Freight Brakemen and Flagmen	1,036	1,813	2,458	12.5
Road Passenger Enginemen and Motormen	2,141	3,745	3,427	7.4
Road Passenger Firemen and Helpers	1,287	2,254	2,600	9.6
Road Passenger Conductors..	1,850	3,237	3,098	8.6
Road Passenger Brakemen and Flagmen	1,026	1,795	2,212	12.0

It appears that the earnings for all groups except two advanced considerably more than the cost of living. Furthermore, it may be recalled that the Adamson act was passed in 1916—because of the desire of the unions for an eight-hour day. It is seldom that a decrease in hours and an increase in wages can be successfully accomplished within a short period—though it has been done.

Even now this question is not merely academic. It will come up again. The unions must select the more satisfactory principle and stick to it, even if it works against their interests temporarily. The recently threatened strike, in my opinion, would have been ill-advised on many grounds. Certainly the wage reduction of July 1, 1921, did not constitute such a great injustice as to justify it to the country.

HERBERT FEIS.

Lawrence, Kansas.

To Send a Medical Unit to Russia

SIR: The Society for Technical Aid to Soviet Russia feels that among your readers there must be many persons who will support their plan to send a medical unit into Russia. That unit is being organized. It will go to Moscow and report to the Public Health Authority for work in the famine area. It must, of course, take in its own food, food for the people of the district where it works, and its own medical supplies and ambulances.

The working people of America who are themselves facing a winter of increasing misery still give in response to Russia's distress, and give magnificently. Fifty thousand dollars for the food supplies of the unit have been contributed, and within the next three weeks it is hoped that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of medical supplies will be provided. The Society for Technical Aid asks for wholesale drug supplies, bandages and dressings, unlimited amounts of soap and for contributions of rubber goods which are the common objects of hospital equipment. Above all it asks for money with which to complete the outfitting of the unit, and hopes that some of the givers of ambulances in the late war will repeat their generosity for this newer need. It is fashionable now to neglect the culture of the Russians, but they are the people of Tolstoi and Chekhov and Dostoevsky, and they cry to us for aid in their time of plague and pestilence and famine.

Contributions and supplies should be sent to Room 303, Medical Unit for Soviet Russia, 110 West 40th Street, New York City, and the Society will be grateful for immediate response by post and telegraph, as the time of preparation is so short.

SOCIETY FOR TECHNICAL AID TO SOVIET RUSSIA
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A New School of the Theatre

SIR: May I ask space in your columns to announce the opening on November 15th of the School of the Theatre, an organization that will give instruction in the acting and production of plays, and which plans to act as the experimental station for the development of the drama? Walter Hampden is vice-president, and George Arliss is chairman of the Board of Directors. The others responsible for this new development in stage preparation are Elsie Ferguson, Frank Craven, Arthur Hopkins, Robert Edmond Jones, Jose Ruben, Ernest Truex, Rachel Crothers, Kenneth Macgowan, Brock Pemberton, William Lyon Phelps, Arthur Hohl, and Stuart Walker.

An interesting feature of this new school is the development of an experimental theatre, which will be operated by the students under professional direction. This theatre, as well as the offices and lecture rooms of the School of the Theatre, are located in the Lexington Theatre Building, Lexington Avenue and 51st Street, New York City. By means of this theatre students will receive all the advantages of a working stock company under the finest professional direction, while they are at the same time working at their technical development.

CLARE TREE MAJOR,
PRESIDENT, SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE.

New York City.

V E R S E

The Monologue

Alas, O Lovely One!
Imprisoned here,
I tap. You answer not.
Yet, spite of fear,
Transparent as glass these walls
When you lean near.

Last dusk, at those high bars
There came, scarce-heard,
Claws, fluttering feathers,
With one shrill, scared, faint note
The silence stirred.

Rests in that corner,
In puff of dust, a straw—
Vision of harvest-fields
I never saw,
Of strange green streams and hills,
Forbidden by law.

These things I whisper
For I see—in mind—
Your caged cheek whiten
At the wail of wind,
Your thin breast wasting; unto
Woe resigned.

Take comfort, listen
Once we twain were free;
There was a country—
Fainteth memory—
Lay your cold brow on hand,
And dream with me.
Awaits me torture;
I have smelt their rack;
From spectral groaning wheel
Have turned me back;
Thumbscrew and boot, and then—
A yawning Sack.

Lean closer, then!
Lay palm on stony wall.
Let but thy ghost beneath
Thine eyelids call,
"Courage, my brother!" Nought
Can then appal.

Yet coward, coward am I,
And drink I must
When clanks the pannikin
With the longed-for crust;
Though heart within is sour
With disgust.

Long hours there are,
When mutely tapping—well,
Is it to Vacancy
I these tidings tell?
Knock these numb fingers 'gainst
An empty cell?

Nay, answer not!
Let still mere longing make
Your presence sure to me
While in doubt I shake:
Be but my Faith in you—
For Sanity's sake!

WALTER DE LA MARE.

The Humming Bird

Up from the navel of the world,
Where Cuzco has her founts of fire,
The passer of the Gulf he comes.

He lives in air, a bird of fire,
Charted by flowers still he comes
Through spaces that are half the world.

With glows of suns and seas he comes;
A life within our shadowed world
That's bloom, and gem, and kiss of fire!

PADRAIC COLUM.

We Come from Babel

Words! What are words! A moving of the lips;
A legacy of torment for the sealed
Mouths of the unborn multitude! Life grips
The unaccustomed body that must yield
To indignation or the dolorous
Mingling of tears with hope—we know not why;
While passion smites from the taut heart of us
Always the old refrain of I! I! I!

We come from Babel and our tongues confound
The certitude of that which needs no speech,
But holds mysterious converse all around
With winds and rain and patient roots that reach
Down into knowledge . . . Words! Of what avail
Are words when moonlight wakes a nightingale!

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Three Wishes

Sink out of being, and go down, go down
Through the steep layers of emerald and jade
With warm thin skin of turquoise overlaid,
Where the slow coral spins a ghostly town
Of tower and minaret and fretted crown,
Give up your breath in sleep's subaqueous shade,
Hold to oblivion; are you afraid
Of cold deep death? Are you afraid to drown?

You have three flashing looks, like fairy wishes;
One burns your eyelids with a lightning-wink
Which turns into a rainbow world, and one
Shows sea-birds brighter than the silver fishes,
And one—the last wild chance before you sink—
A flock of dancing clouds about the sun.

ELINOR WYLIE.

The Folly of Nations

The Folly of Nations, by Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

ROOSEVELT is quoted on the wrapper of this book as saying that "Frederick Palmer has seen more war than any other living American writer." Hence, speaking of "the folly of nations" in regard to war, Mr. Palmer has the enormous advantage of knowing soldiers and soldiering at first hand. If anyone has, as Roosevelt himself had, a bad case of the virility-complex, his first retort to the pacifist is that the pacifist is not a he-man. This retort cannot be made to Frederick Palmer. He was enough of a he-man to start out very young to see all the wars possible, and he has seen a great number of them close up. He has been with soldiers under fire. He has talked with generals and admirals in action. He has listened to war-orators, bond-sellers, propagandists. He has watched the dying and the dead, the conquerors and the refugees. During the late war he was Major Palmer. He was a most prominent correspondent. He later acted as press censor and he was a pro-Ally in good standing when he went to watch the peace at Versailles. War to him is not an empty word. It is a word with thick associations, a word to which blood clings and the nameless follies of human nature, a word that rings like sex or love or death with the metal of human emotion. When he comes to speak of it, it is not merely as a political and social incident, real only in headlines and histories. He has had his hand in the warm entrails of the filthy experience itself, and he reads from those entrails the folly of nations.

But having made war his career, so to speak, Mr. Palmer does not approach his interpretation of it in a purely psychological manner. He interprets it with the revolving globe on his study-table, illustrating nearly everything he says from some sore spot on the planet—China, Japan, the Balkans, Turkey, France, Austria, Russia. He takes war as he actually found it first, in its duellistic romanticism, and he follows it through what he calls McAndrew's epoch, from McAndrew the Kipling engineer. He surveys "anti-expansionists in America, little Englishers in Britain, the anti-colonial element in France," and he turns from them to the hired fighting man as he "beat up the steaming jungle, forded pestiferous swamps, breasted torrents, or went thirsty in desert reaches." That, as he puts it, was the epoch when civilization said "I am a white man! I belong to one of the great Christian nations of the steam age and the Bessemerized antiseptic civilization." The White Man's Burden, and the White Man's Bunkum, are both apparent to Frederick Palmer. And when he gets through with the McAndrew epoch he steps sophisticatedly into the wars of power and ambition, which began with the march to the relief of the Peking legations in 1900.

After examining the sore spots on the world, the places out of which war has arisen and threatens to arise, Mr. Palmer asks the psychological question, Why? Taking "old values" first, he gives physical, moral, social, commercial, national, economic, religious and ethical reasons why there should be wars or at any rate the employment of force. He enables one to infer how, according to these "old values," the Japanese have reason to be afraid of America and America has reason to be afraid of the Japanese. He enables one to infer how, from this old point of view, we must look upon the Japanese as untrust-

worthy, as monkeys, as selfish, as cold, as dangerous. He shows how, in creating such an emotion, we can play on fear, on the differences of language, race, habits and customs, on economic and physical reasons. The Japanese, for example, are "fanatics." So, according to propaganda, "they have an unfair advantage over normal Christians whose bravery is of superior brand if not as reckless." He shows how false patriotism and glamor and the love of power, "rough justice" and rivalry can be played upon to produce the will to war. Also, under the name of nationalism, he examines the Great State, and he indicates the colossal power of the state in working for war. He is candid: "In previous wars all the population may have done some lying, but the major portion of the lying was done by the few. In the World War we all had to do our bit." And again, "Month after month I watched the determination of minds and character under the censorship and our reversion to the days of the lick-spittle herald. Under military rule I saw the increase of intrigue, of lackeyism, hanging on a superior's nod, of devious instead of direct means to an end, of the weakening of individual intelligence and the capacity for independent and straight thinking."

What can be done to displace the white imperialism which is the product of "old values," and which breeds war?

Mr. Palmer believes that two mighty principles were enumerated at Versailles. One was the principle of self-determination, the other the League of Nations. And he aims to show that through the League, not as super-state but as covenanted assembly, a place may be found for spiritual, economic, moral and political adjustment.

With this, it seems to me, few can disagree. But how long will it take us before we can stop writing and talking of Japan in terms of white imperialism, or of France in terms of pre-war cant? Here is Mr. H. G. Wells on November 12th sneering at M. Noblemaire who "declared that he had heard French lads whisper 'Vive la France' and die." Mr. Wells claims that "English boys" died in a nobler spirit, a spirit that had no "tinpot Viva-ing" in it. Mr. Palmer does not select the French for ridicule and animosity, as Mr. Wells does. He quotes the same M. Noblemaire for saying that "France was ready to be friends with Germany if the Germans were ready. . . . It was a thrilling thing for a Frenchman to say only three years after the end of the war which cost France fifteen hundred thousand dead."

Between Frederick Palmer and H. G. Wells there is, however, a world of difference. Mr. Palmer cannot hold a candle to Mr. Wells as a propagandist. He is fond of the world "vagarious" and he rambles along in a vague, slow, circumlocutional way. Passage after passage is written with so little sign of self-criticism that if it were not for his honest spirit one would cease reading him with a great sense of relief. But his spirit is really so sound and so unprejudiced, and his material so rich, that to finish the book becomes a kind of moral necessity. One learns to suffer the sort of passage that portrays Glamor as "a matter of fashion, the window dressing of our thoughts; a spell, a trance. Why not make it a delightful luxury? Why not an iridescent robe that charms our eyes with its soft, rich sheen which, when we lift it, reveals a beautiful figure rather than a monstrosity of war?" This inept journalese, for such it is, does not represent Mr. Palmer at all. In his point of view he is that singular object, a disinterested man, and if his style really corresponded to his spirit it would be as clear and

as radiant as crystal. In Mr. Wells, on the contrary, one is dealing with a man whose extraordinary gifts for exposition are complicated by a nature which, even when the theme is holy peace, may at any moment be victimized by passionate prejudice.

The only passion one finds in *The Folly of Nations* is the serene and patient feeling for truth and goodwill. In Mr. Palmer's spirit, at any rate, there is hospitality for all nations, a knowledge of war and a knowledge of the best way to work for peace.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Elemental Things

The Triumph of the Egg, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$2.00.

THIS sheaf of a dozen short stories is a book. As in the case of *Winesburg, Ohio*, it is perfectly clear that the writer has an exact artistic intention and a simple rectitude of performance which animate the entire series and give to the whole the power of a single impression. In *Winesburg* Mr. Anderson had the assistance of unity of place which provided an immediately effective frame for his conception. The result was a character sketch of a town. In *The Triumph of the Egg* his material is more various and scattered, but he has achieved a unity equally compelling. A reader who merely picks a story here and there will be puzzled, irritated, perhaps disgusted. One who reads them all, at a sitting, will scarcely miss the singleness of purpose and unity of result which give to the whole a haunting and unmistakable power.

In *Life's Little Ironies* Mr. Hardy sets forth in sketch after sketch a pattern of life which manifests itself in the continual incidence of untoward circumstance and thwarting coincidence upon his characters, until the conception of an overruling force, intent upon their confusion, emerges as fundamental to the design. And we follow with excitement because we are accustomed to finding in pattern or plot the supreme quality of fiction. In Mr. Anderson's stories there is no pattern. He throws before us the crude stuff of which our lives are made, scorning all arrangement and what we call structure. The difference is the same as that which we meet at the theatre between Chekov's *Cherry Orchard* and a play, for instance, by Mr. Galsworthy. In a western drama the action is centripetal; it draws attention inward to the group of characters as manifested in their inter-relations which develop into a plot. In the Russian play the action is centrifugal; it diffuses attention, and carries it beyond the trivial action of the stage to remoter implications of a life that is unrevealed but none the less present and significant. Something of this is the essential quality of Mr. Anderson's stories. They reach outward into the unknown, which because it is unknown we call the infinite.

Take, for example, *The Door of the Trap*. Hugh Walker was married. Three children were born. He taught mathematics in the little college at Union Valley, Illinois. His wife had become dishevelled and slatternly. "Hugh's mind played all about the figure of his wife, but did not really approach the woman who sat before him. It was so with his children. Sometimes, just for a moment, they were living things to him, things as alive as his own body. Then for long periods they seemed to go far away." He took long walks into the country, and at such times "the reality of life was in some queer way re-established in his mind. Some little thing happened. A man walking

in the road before him threw a stone at a dog that ran barking out of a farmhouse. . . . A woman came out of the farmhouse and went toward a barn. . . . She stopped and looked toward him. It was impossible she should have seen him. She was dressed in white and he could see her but dimly against the blackish green of the trees of an orchard behind her. Still she stood looking and seemed to look directly into his eyes. He had a queer sensation of her having been lifted by an unseen hand and brought to him. It seemed to him he knew all about her life, all about the life of the man who had thrown the stone at the dog." Readers of Wordsworth's *Prelude* will remember the poet's record of experiences connected with certain places at certain times, dignified, it is true, by the imagination, but having essentially this same quality of giving a sudden hold on the reality of existence. It was by such occurrences that "when life had stepped out of his grasp", Hugh brought himself back "to work and live among men."

In his class-room a young girl attracted his attention. She came to his home, played with his children. She drew him back into life. The situation threatened to become commonplace, but Hugh transcended it. One day he led the girl to his room, and said: "I'm going to kiss you and then I'm going to ask you to go out of this house and never come back." And as she went away—"She will be imprisoned but I will have nothing to do with it. She will never belong to me. My hands will never build a prison for her", he thought with grim pleasure."

In the *New Englander*, a virgin of thirty-five who had lived on a Vermont farm was taken by her parents to Iowa. The journey into the West suddenly raised her horizon, and filled her with a strange exaltation. "She fancied herself no longer on a train and imagined she had become a winged thing flying through space." The new surroundings, the wide spaces of prairie, the great fields of corn, the large dwelling invited her spirit. The young life of her nephews and niece was a vague incitement. One Sunday afternoon she walked into the corn, down the tunnels between the stalks rising above her head, and lay down. A storm approached, and she heard the children running home through the corn. She saw a young farmhand with her niece. The man took the girl into his arms, and at their kiss "her tense hands grasped one of the corn stalks. Her lips pressed themselves into the dust. When they had gone on their way she raised her head. A dusty powder covered her lips." The storm broke but she lay there, sobs in her throat and tears making furrows in the dust of her face. In the lulls of the storm she raised her head and heard "the thin voices of her mother and father calling to her."

The two stories outlined are characteristic. The longest, *Out of Nowhere into Nothing*, is in dimensions a novelette. *The Egg* is a mere anecdote; *Motherhood* and *The Man in the Brown Coat* are lyrics. In all there is the same confident and precise handling of material things and trivial external events; and the immanent sense of something behind them to which the human being vainly aspires. In the one aspect Mr. Anderson suggests Chekov; in the other Maeterlinck. The characters are indubitably real in the things they say and do; and yet their reality is but jetsam and flotsam on the sea of the unconscious. They move before us among the material furniture of the world with the curious deftness and precision of sleep walkers. They know not themselves or one another, and this is their striving and their tragedy. *The Man in the Brown Coat* feels it. "Sometimes the whole life of this world

floats in a human face in my mind. The unconscious face of the world stops and stands still before me. ... Why do I not say a word out of myself to the others? Why in all our life together, have I never been able to break through the wall to my wife? Already I have written three hundred, four hundred thousand words. Are there no words that lead into life? Some day I shall speak to myself. Some day I shall make a testament unto myself."

And the tragedy of these frustrate ghosts is the tragedy of the artist also. The book is filled with the dim sense of struggle after the inexpressible which is alone worth expressing. But it should be added that as respects his own art Mr. Anderson shows a great advance in resourcefulness and technique over his earlier books. Just as his stories have opposed qualities of meticulous, immediate reality and vague, remote suggestion, so his style has a double aspect, a stark, determined, forthright mode of statement, which wavers into rhythms that lead the mind outward and far. The intention of the book finds extraordinary reenforcement in the reproductions of *Impressions in Clay* by Tennessee Mitchell. It is as if the human life which the writer finds so recalcitrant in substance, so baffling in meaning, yielded in flashing moments to a plastic conquest which is denied to the more intellectual art. These faces of men and women making a sort of corridor through which one enters the book, announce in advance the themes which persist in its contents—the terror of life before its vast unknowability and the pathos of its trivial futility.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Zionism and World Politics

Zionism and World Politics—A Study in History and Social Psychology, by Horace Meyer Kallen, Ph.D. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE problem of the Jew in national and international politics has attracted the attention of statesmen, philosophers, theologians and historians since the time of "The Pharaoh knew not Joseph," but it has rarely been more significant, and certainly never more interesting, than it is today. The period since 1914 has brought to the Jewish peoples greater mortality and more misery and suffering than any other period of equal length in their history, not even excepting the years immediately after their captivity, those following 70 A.D., or those during the Chmelnicki uprising in Poland and Russia after 1648. Anti-Semitism has followed the war on the Continent of Europe with a vigor not equalled in the '80's, and has, for the first time, spread to England and the United States. As a compensatory ideal and aspiration Zionism has enjoyed a corresponding growth during the last seven years, and has now passed from a semi-eschatological concept to a secular plan, which has been duly recognized by international law and sanctioned by the great powers. In view of these circumstances there has existed a very real need for a competent survey of the whole Jewish movement and its relation to the Zionist aspirations. While many seemed satisfied with the exposition of the issues by Mr. Morris Gest and Mr. Henry Ford, there has been a growing insistence on the part of intelligent persons for a reliable treatment of this timely subject. Such a narrative and analysis has been supplied by Professor Kallen's work.

It is doubtful if another writer could have been found who possesses Professor Kallen's many-sided competence

for such a task as the history and analysis of Zionism. His mastery of the academic equipment in the fields of philosophy, political theory, theology, history and economics is unusual. He has been able to write with the intimate knowledge of one who knows the movement from the inside, without at the same time being either a violent partisan or a soured opponent. He is thoroughly imbued with the critical spirit, and makes no attempt to conceal the fact that the Jews are no less the victims of their own prejudices and bigotry than of those of Gentiles. He is appreciative of the high ideals which underlie Zionism, without being blind to the sordid nature of many details of the practical phases of the execution of the project or to the well-nigh fatal divisions of the Jews over the solution of their ethnic, religious and national problems. Though enthusiastic over the possibilities of the *Vita Nuova* which has been opened up to the Jews in transforming their millennium-long idealistic aspirations into a realized achievement, he is not unconscious of the fact that they may ultimately fail through fatal delays, sectarian differences and undue optimism. Whatever opinion one may hold with respect to the Jew or Zionism, no fair-minded and educated person can well doubt that Professor Kallen has wrought out the authoritative and definitive treatment of the subject in all of its major manifestations and mutations down to the present year.

Professor Kallen wisely does not content himself with a narrowly conceived and executed history of Judaism detached from the general history of western civilization. As he well expresses the situation, "the freedom and security of the Jew, it cannot be too often reiterated, has always been in Christian Europe, the barometer of the civilization, the culture, the prosperity, the democracy of the countries of his sojourn." A realization of this fact calls for a work which sets forth the Jewish problem in its relation to the chief phases of the development of western culture, and a brief outline of the contents of the book under review will indicate how well the author has executed his study in harmony with this dominating conception. He treats adequately the following phases of the subject: the basis and nature of Zionism; the position of the Jews in the era of the religious imperialism of the Mediaeval Church; the breaking up of the unity of Christendom with the Reformation and the development of the doctrine of natural rights, with its significance for Jewish nationality and liberty; the rise of nationalism in nineteenth century Europe, and its answer in the development of an ardent defensive Jewish nationalism and the Zionist project in its practical aspects; the Near Eastern Question and Palestine before 1914, including the deplorable condition of the "Pre-Zionist Jewry"; the remarkable growth of the Zionist movement since 1914 as a reaction against, and a compensation for, the horrible treatment of the Jews in central and eastern Europe during the war and the period since; the development of an active interest in the Zionist problem on the part of the Jews in America since 1914; the Peace Conference of 1918, with its formal recognition of the rights of minority nationalities to freedom and justice, and with its warm enthusiasm for political democracy existing in juxtaposition with its frantic fear of economic and social democracy and its neo-Persian eschatology in the alleged cosmic dualism of Capitalism and Bolshevism; the inclusion of the Balfour Declaration regarding a Jewish Palestine in the Treaty with Turkey, agreed upon, April 25, 1920; the perils of the Zionist project on the eve of its

actual realization, in the face of the opposition of French and British imperialism in the Near East, Arabian nationalism, the economic backwardness of Palestine, and the inability of the Jews adequately to recognize the fact that Zionism is no longer a mystical and other-worldly ideal to be realized by eschatology or the intervention of Yahweh, but a potential and immediate secular reality which can be secured only by the most intelligent and earnest efforts and cooperation of the Jews of the world; and the postwar Anti-Semitism, including the notorious episode of the publication of the forged "Protocols of the Elders of Zion."

Limitations of space forbid any attempt to present a detailed summary of the excellent exposition of these topics, but it should be stated that the author treats every phase of his subject with admirable objectivity, and sometimes with almost amazing frankness. He neither hesitates to reveal bias and weakness in personal leaders in the Zionist movement nor to point out the serious defects and cross-purposes which have often existed in the various programs which have constituted the progressive stages in the evolution of Zionism. A Gentile could not have written the book with greater candor, and certainly not with equal authority and insight.

Not only is the work a masterly review of the Jewish problem; it would be well worth reading, if one had not the slightest interest in this subject, on account of the numerous brief but trenchant summaries of critical periods and tendencies in cultural and economic history. Such are the summary of the Christian Epic (pp. 21-23); the analysis of natural rights (pp. 32ff.); the critical estimate of nationalism (pp. 44ff.) the history of imperialism in the Near East (Chaps. x, xii); the account of the transformation of social institutions and social theory due to modern industrialism, and the conflict between the old agrarian ideals and modern industrial realities (pp. 198 ff.); and the incisive summary of the essentials of an adequate program of industrial democracy (pp. 295ff.).

It would seem fair to draw the following conclusions concerning the Jewish movement and Zionism from Professor Kallen's work. The Jewish question is but a microcosm of the development of western civilization and the problems it has created. The persecution of the Jews has been but a phase of the struggle within the development of Occidental culture between intolerance and bigotry, chauvinism and imperialism, on the one hand, and scepticism, tolerance and scientific advance, and cosmopolitanism and international cooperation, on the other. Again, in the same way that Christendom has witnessed struggles between science and obscurantism, modernism and mediaevalism, cosmopolitanism and nationalism, social democracy and plutocracy, so the Jews of the world have been divided by criticism and pietism, by reformist tendencies and orthodoxy, by assimilationist proposals and resolute and stubborn separatism, by tolerance and bigotry. Zionism has had its origin in, and received its vital impulse from, bigotry, prejudices and mediaevalism within both Jewish and Gentile circles, but to the intolerance of the Gentiles must be assigned the largest share of the responsibility. Even if one could assume the speedy disappearance of the religious bigotry and fanaticism and the aggressive nationalism of the Gentile, there would be ample justification for a favorable attitude towards the Zionist project on the part of scientifically-minded individuals who contend that nationality unrepressed is a creative cultural force. But with no such prospect at all

imminent, liberal and tolerant people are still more likely to admit both the necessity and desirability of establishing this Jewish asylum from the Gentile terrorism of central and eastern Europe. Many critics regard it as somewhat pathetic that the project seems likely to be realized at this late date, just when biblical criticism, anthropology, ethnography and history have finally demolished all the superstitious and pseudo-scientific notions upon which have rested the stimulus to, and justification of, the doctrines of unique religious verity, a chosen people, and the special "mission" of any cultural group, whether Jewish or Gentile. It must be remembered, however, that these sane and scientific views are at present espoused by but few among both Jews and Gentiles, and to demand that the Jews alone shall be the ones immediately to shuffle off the cloak of mediaevalism is to require the impossible. With the majority of the most ardent supporters of Zionism wholly orthodox and dwelling among equally mediaeval and intolerant peoples in central and eastern Europe, one can scarcely suggest that they remain in these regions and endure another century of indignities, until the progress of science and criticism shall have ended obscurantism and intolerance among both Jews and Gentiles.

Fortunately, as Professor Kallen makes clear, secular and territorial Zionism does not render impossible the parallel progress of reformist tendencies and assimilation on the part of the Jews of the Occident who do not choose to return to Palestine. Indeed, it is likely to hasten the process of reform and enlightenment among both Zionist and non-Zionist Jews, and to drain off much Gentile antagonism. Ample scope can in this way be given to orthodoxy and nationalism, and to modernism and cosmopolitanism among the Jews, as well as among the Gentiles; and to contend that the Jews shall be the only group in western society who must base their conduct solely on rational and scientific considerations is to expect something unprecedented, and to reveal the naïveté of the ordinary patriot and obscurantist communicant.

In indicating the implications of the change in the nature of the Zionist movement in the last decade, and especially since the Conference of San Remo, Professor Kallen offers the following challenge to the intelligence and united devotion of all Jews:

Within six of the most trying years in the history of the western world, six of the most bitterly tragic years in the history of the Jews, a tradition of consolatory aspiration has been precipitated into a condition of compelling fact. By public law and international guarantees a hope of Zion, which was an age-old sentiment and a compensatory fantasy, has been turned into the hope of Zion, which is the hard, barren, sordid geographical and ethnographic reality of Palestine, with its needs of economic rehabilitation and cultural development, its political complications and religious cross-currents, its problems of public health and social justice. . . . Here at last is the salutation which has been the sustaining hope of the heart of Jewry through the bitter ages, challenging them to a new life. Yet the manner in which they respond to it leaves room to doubt whether the attainment of this new life shall not become a process painful, lingering, and—disillusioning. . . . Nowhere except among the handful of American leaders does there appear to be any adequate realization that Palestine is not any longer a symbolic vision of another worldly future of salvation from death and the fear of death; that Palestine is at last a present solid and coercive fact, whose saving power can be

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brought into operation only by swift and extensive readjustments of temper and attitude; readjustments, moreover, not merely to Palestine, an und für sich, as Hegel used to say, but to the specific and concrete and living Palestine which is a node in a network of complicated relationships that stretch from England to India and around the world, involving the whole economic process of modern civilization, with its political and ethnographical and religious relationships. . . . Our survey of the mind of Europe, past and present, regarding the Jews shows that the climax has been reached. The alternative to success in Palestine and coordinately, normalization in the Diaspora, is destruction—violently as in central Europe, or through progressively swifter assimilation as in the United States. But the old ambiguity of the Jewish position is doomed.

The leader who can solve these problems for the Jews is likely, by the relatively greater magnitude of his performance, to be as destructive of the reputation of Moses as is Brooks Adams in the second edition of his *Emancipation of Massachusetts*. But, perhaps, as of old, an Aaron will be the more popular with his people!

The conclusion of the whole matter, then, is that we shall have a Jewish problem, Zionism or no Zionism, until religious bigotry, obscurantism and chauvinistic patriotism have been eliminated among men. Only those who, like Chancellor Day, enjoy the fullest confidence of the Deity would be discreet in prophesying when that day will arrive. When it does come, however, it may well be regarded as an adequate fulfillment of the vision of the writer of Revelation XX, 1-3.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

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